VOGUE

60c

OCTOBER 1

Getting new fashion-power out of a coat
15 of the best

The calculated risks in fashion
...when to take one

ADVANCED EDITION

"What if You Were Free from Pressure?"
By Inez Robb



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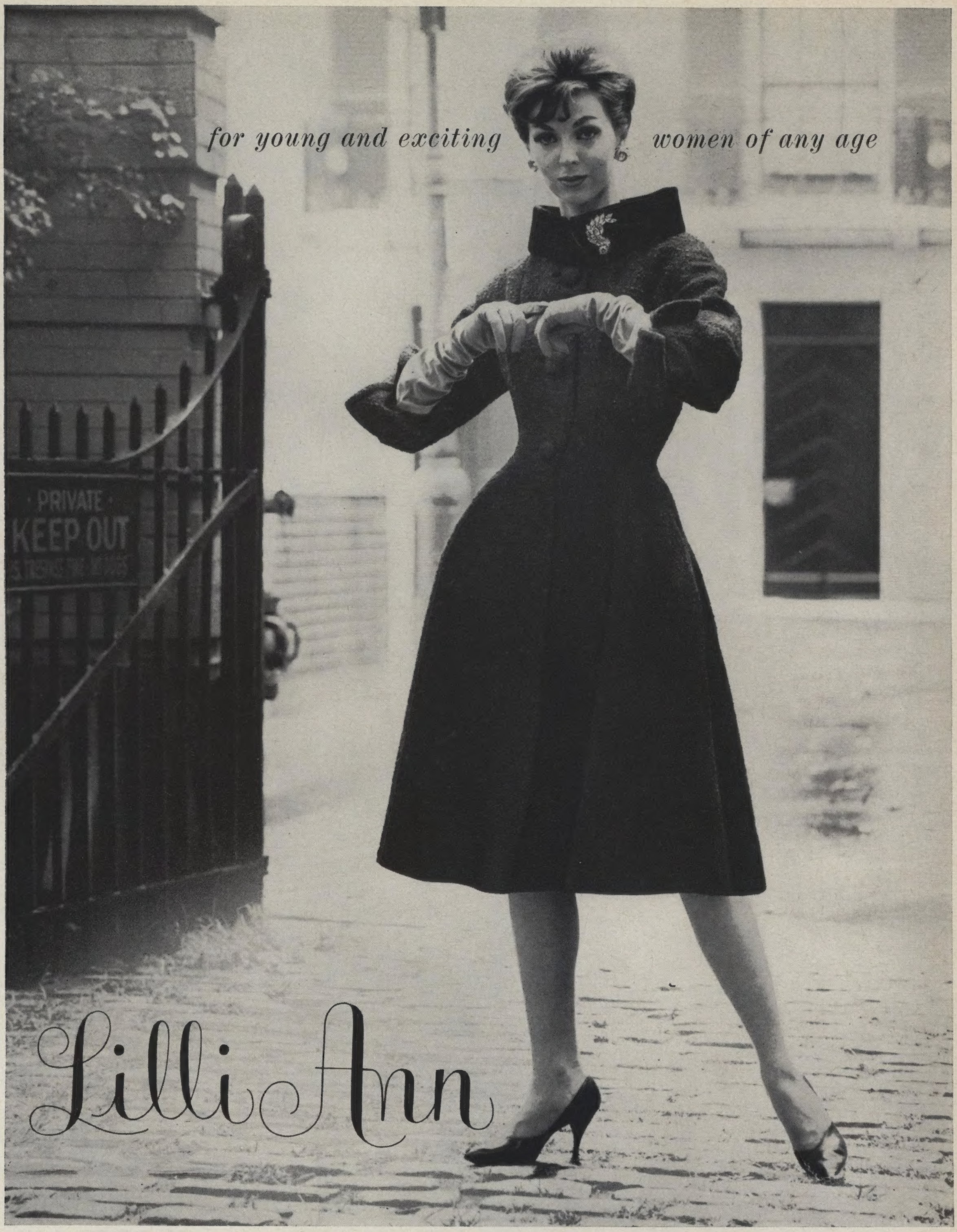
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Vol. 136 No. 6
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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

OCTOBER 1, 1960

COVER:

First step in getting fashion-power out of a coat: start with a coat that can generate floods of power on its own. This, from Paris, is Cardin's side-fastened red-coat sensation, tied first, then wrapped over to the left, and looking—in the final analysis—remarkably straight and unbulky. (Dresses of that description are the undercoat rule here.) Owl-eyes, the side-pitched velvet helmet, the yardstick handbag—more Cardin, more news. (More flattery: multiple pearls heaped in the coat collar.)
Coat copied by Dan Millstein, about $145, in Warren of Stafford wool. This, the hat, the handbag, and gloves: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. The lipstick, Velvet Flame—one of three new entrancements of red from Helena Rubinstein.



PENN

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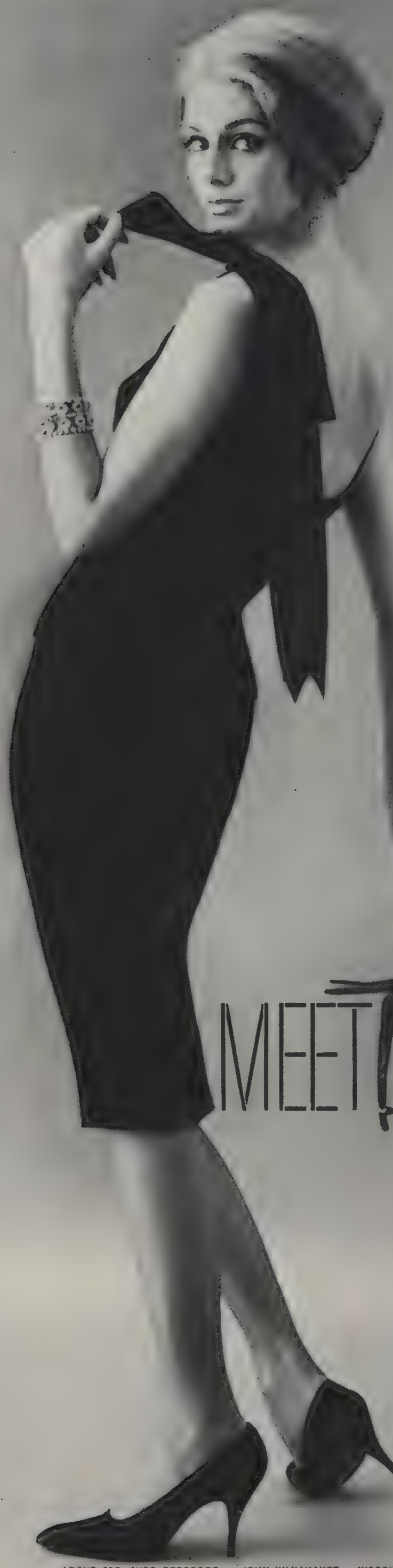
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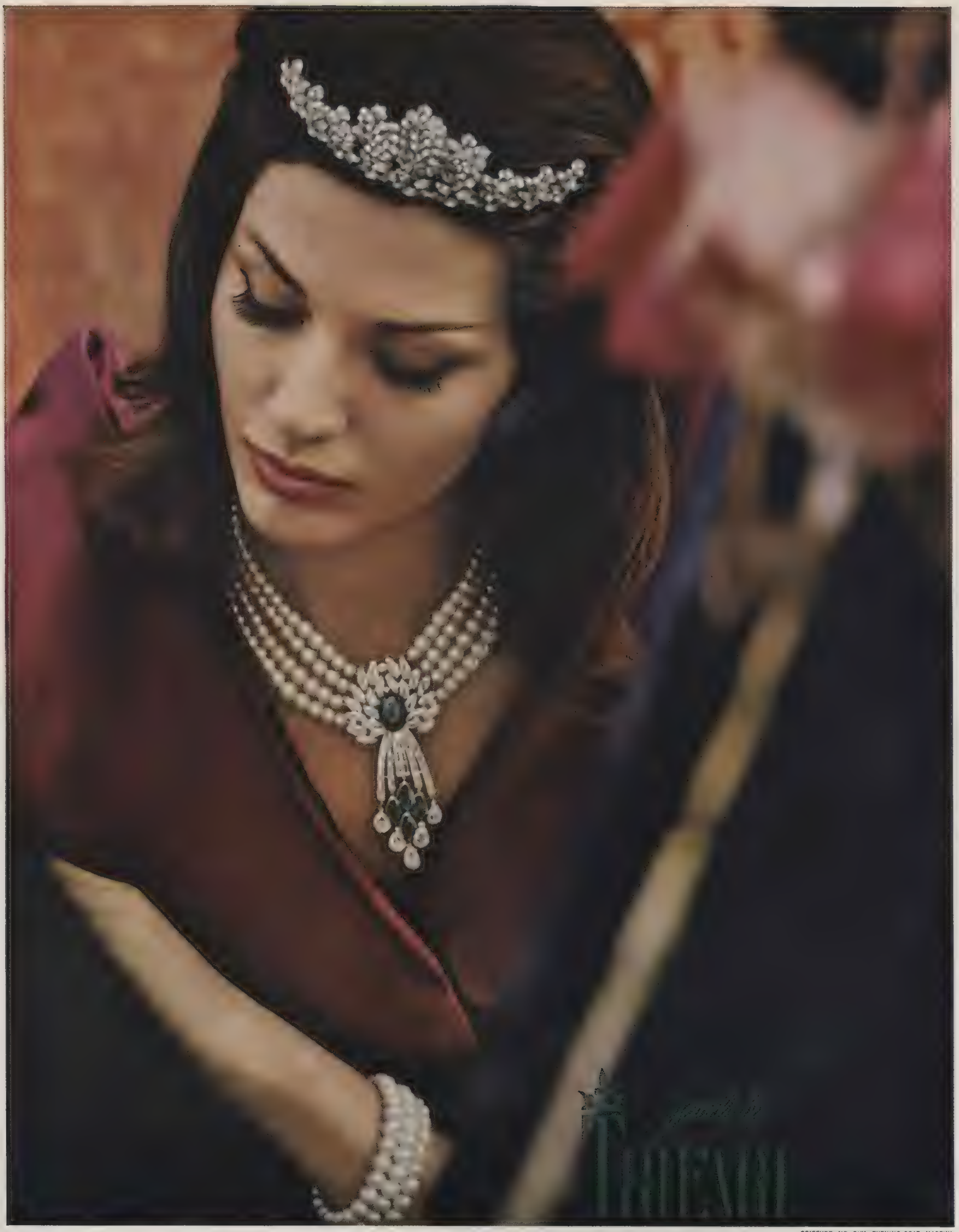
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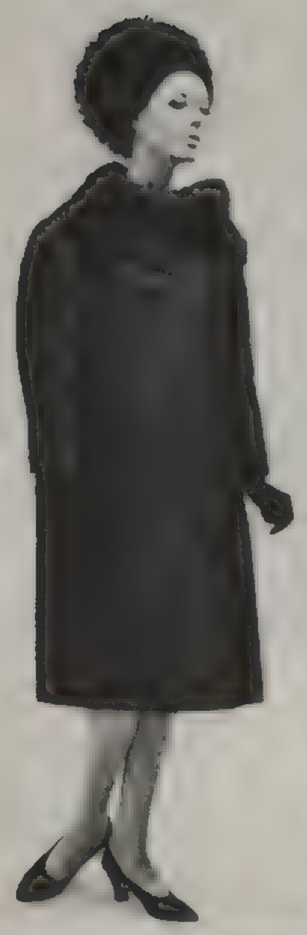
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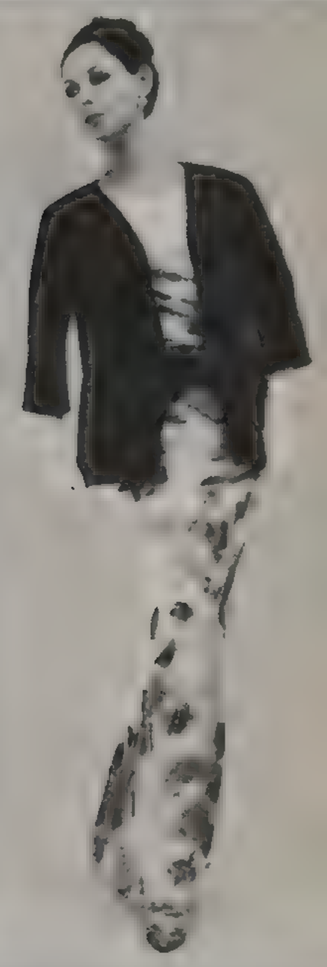
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NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • SPRINGFIELD, N. J. • CHICAGO • DETROIT • BEVERLY H... ADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • OLD ORCHARD AT SKOKIE • MIAMI BEACH • FT. LAUDERDALE

We arrive by air-mail

to bring golden anniversary greetings in person! What a surprise for Father and Mother, and they can thank our ROLLS-ROYCE motor car and the new GRUMMAN GULFSTREAM corporate transport for the swift delivery. I come gift-wrapped in a bell-skirted gala of MAXWELL silk serge, 79.95. Blade green or red in S.F.A's Dress Collections. Hat by Tatiana.



We applauded from the wings—

and winging our way home from the premiere in our fast **GRUMMAN GULFSTREAM**, we gave our own rave notices to the thrilling performance of its **ROLLS-ROYCE** prop-jet engines*. My theatre costume in a gilded silk brocade by **WILLIAM ROSE** won more plaudits, 189.95. Turquoise or shocking pink in S.F.A's Dress Collections.

**Rolls-Royce gas turbine engines have been chosen for more than half the jet and prop-jet airlines in service or on order in the Western World.*



fly **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

• PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • SAN FR… • ORCHARD AT SKOKIE • MIAMI BEACH • FT. LAUDERDALE

Cocktails in the clouds—

that's how we begin the best evenings out! And there's never a drop spilled en route, because our speedy GRUMMAN GULFSTREAM flies on silky ROLLS-ROYCE prop-jet aero engines. I fly in silk, too—brilliant ONONDAGA brocade shapes my glide of sheath, 145.00. Scarlet or black in S.F.A's Dress Collections.



Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • SPRINGFIELD, N. J. • CHICAGO • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • SAN FRANCISCO • OLD ORCHARD AT SKOKIE • MIAMI BEACH • FT. LAUDERDALE

We embark for the Embassy—

and since Tom is guest of honor we depend on our GRUMMAN GULFSTREAM powered by ROLLS-ROYCE to fly us there for our grand entrance. He wins the laurels —and I wear them: golden wreaths brocaded on ivory ONONDAGA silk. My short formal with its marvelous matching manteau is 475.00 in S.F.A's Dress Collections.



by SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

COMMUTING IN A BALL GOWN is routine for her. Far-away social events are important to her career. Warm and understanding in her social world, she's also a calm and cool administrator, with far-flung business interests. That's why she values the comfort, speed and privacy of her Beechcraft Super G 18. Whether social or business bound, her Beechcraft is a personal magic carpet to each destination. If you're one whose accomplishments keep you constantly on the move, why not let the incomparable Beechcraft be your magic carpet, too?



Accustomed to the finest ... you'll find it in BEECHCRAFT

Evening costume by Bert Reig. Gold and scarlet brocade with jacket trimmed in mink. Airplane by Beech Aircraft Corporation, Wichita. Custom interiors.


Geun-Edwards
Ranchide
Milwaukee 5, Wisconsin
1384 Broadway, New York City
PREMIERE



VANITY FAIR creates the perfect fashion foils for black:
Sienna, a new exotic shade, and Brown Haze from our famous family of neutrals. Nylon tricot slip
with smooth, molded fit, bodice and hem of fine Chantilly lace. 14.95. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

ITALIAN FORTNIGHTS

Neiman-Marcus

OCTOBER 15—NOVEMBER 12 DALLAS, TEXAS

Italy via Neiman-Marcus

FIAT 1500 SPIDER . . . styling miracle that's making news in car-loving circles. Just over from Italy, it's the only production car powered by the new version of a famous 1.5 liter racing engine that has made racing history the world over.

EMILIO PUCCI'S Capsule stops traffic . . . signals a revolution in leisure wear. The stretch fabric figures this fashion in Italy, and in the U.S.A.

For more details write to: Fiat Motor Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

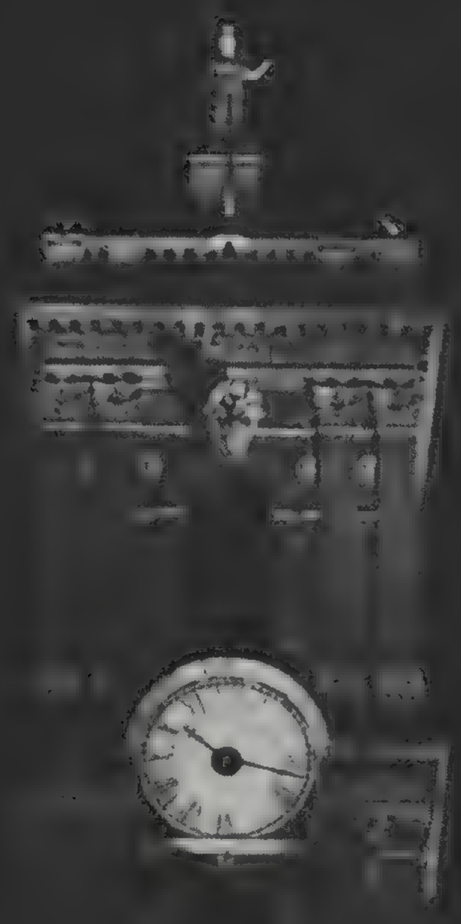
PHOTO GAWRANSKA

Italy via Neiman-Marcus
via Alitalia Airlines

ALITALIA elegance aloft. Continental music, menus and wines . . .
yours with Italian warmth and style aboard Super DC-8 Rolls-Royce Jets
to London, Milan and Rome . . . a new concept in elegant
international jet travel.

WINGED ARROW SERVICE







FONTANA'S mood of elegance
—a ballgown of Gros de Londres in pale turquoise.
Shape defined by star beading, undulating hemline.

PHOTO GAWRONSKA

Italy via Neiman-Marcus

STREGA . . . the elusive liqueur that adds
a sentimental flavour to a romantic encounter. Legendary toast in Italy . . .
well on the way to becoming a legend everywhere.

FABIANI designs in a contessa mood. Twilight tunic
of brown chenille lace. Simplicity of line that marks the new in evening fashion.



PHOTO GAWRONSKA



Italy via Neiman-Marcus

GALITZINE'S toga 1960. A noble Roman gives a magic twist to rich **Fouke-dyed black Alaska Fur Seal** reversed in Somali leopard . . . designed alone for Neiman-Marcus in honour of the Italian Fortnights.

MR. JOHN HAT PHOTO PIPPIN



Italy via Neiman-Marcus

THE AMERICAN EXPRESS . . . itinerary headquarters with its own brand of diplomacy
that will transport you effortlessly through Italy, or anywhere this side of the moon.

LITEX of Torino, designers and weavers of couturier textiles, create a trend-setting
sculptured wool and mohair fabric . . . selected by CAPUCCI for his town and travel suit.

PHOTO GAWRONSKA

Italy via Neiman-Marcus

SIMONETTA has a way with pastel mink . . . note the brilliant example here with full burnoose sleeves—a lavish, sweeping study in fur exclusively designed with "that faraway look" for Neiman-Marcus.

SAGA® mink, imported elegance from Denmark, Finland, Norway, Sweden.

MR. JOHN HAT PHOTO PIPPIN

For an Italian holiday in Dallas...

Neiman-Marcus

FORTNIGHTS

OCTOBER 15 Arrival Alitalia Flight—Rome to Dallas.
8 P. M. Charity Ball honoring His Excellency, the Honorable Manlio Brosio, Ambassador of Italy.
Grand Ballroom, Sheraton-Dallas Hotel.

OCTOBER 16 Concert of Italian Baroque Music on Stradivarius instruments.
Dallas Theatre Center Vermouth Hour sponsored by Martini & Rossi.

OCTOBER 17 Opening Ceremonies—Neiman-Marcus, The United States Air Force Band, "Cori di Val d'Anapo",
Sicilian Folklore Group.
12 noon World Affairs Council Luncheon, speaker: His Excellency, Ambassador Manlio Brosio. Statler-Hilton Hotel.
Italian Film Festival Premiere with personal appearances of stars.

OCTOBER 18 Italian Fashion Show of the Alta Moda, auspices of the Camera di Commercio of Rome.
Benefit of Boys' Towns of Italy.
12 noon Grand Ballroom, Sheraton-Dallas Hotel.
Opening of film show of THE ROOF and THE TAILOR'S MAID, Coronet Theatre.

NOVEMBER 4 and 6 DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT presented by Dallas Civic Opera Company.
Entire production of the Palermo Opera Company imported to Dallas. State Fair Music Hall.
"Italian Fair"—Sponsored by Sale Street Antique Dealers.

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTIONS AT NEIMAN-MARCUS

Store Decorations: Exterior—Italian Palazzo at festival time;
1st floor—Spirit of Rome; 2nd floor—Spirit of Florence,
Milan and Bologna; 3rd floor—Islands of Italy; 4th floor—
Spirit of Venice; Zodiac Restaurant—Borghese Palace.
Italian Policeman—to direct traffic
Italian Shoemaker
Italian Singer: performing daily in the Zodiac Restaurant
Italian Wine Tasting: Tuesday, October 18, 5 P.M. Zodiac.
Sicilian Puppet Show, Espresso Bar, Sicilian Folk Singers,
Pasta Exhibition & Contest

SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS IN DALLAS

Italian Architectural Exhibition, Dallas Architectural Society
Sardinian Crafts Exhibition at Dallas Public Library
"New Generation of Italian Artists", Dallas Museum of Fine Arts
Italian Sculpture Show, Museum of Contemporary Crafts
Italian Artists Show, Calhoun Galleries

EXHIBITIONS AT NEIMAN-MARCUS

Italian Sculpture and fine Italian Charms
Reproduction of La Scala Opera House
Fiat Automobile Show
Italian Christmas Boutique
Exhibition of Modern Italian Art
Ford Motor Company "Roma Red" Automobile Show
Due Ponti Antique Armor
Stradivarius Violin Exhibition
Capacci Ceramic Panels
Lucerni Ceramic Exhibition
Olivetti
Italian Mosaics—Royal glass & mirrors
Franchi Guns
Italian Books and Magazines
Venetian Glass & Lace
Bellini Florentine Silver



Cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances



PARFUM

intimate

BY REVLON

"...extraordinary what a drop of Paris can do..."

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Bottled and sealed in France. 7.50 to 75.00 plus tax

PHOTO: GEORGE HAMILL

Maximilian new york

Supple splendor of **FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL**

In Canada at *Holt, Renfrew & Co. Ltd.*



NEWTON ELKIN CAPTURES THE DIABOLIC OPERA IN SEVEN SHADES OF MAKASSAR SERPENT, 29.95

SAKOWITZ

HOUSTON, TEXAS

NEW! Nº 5 SPRAY PERFUME



5.00
PLUS TAX

Nº 5 Spray Perfume 225 measured sprays of Chanel Nº 5—the most treasured name in perfume—always at your fingertips. Classic black and gold case is leakproof, spillproof. Every woman *alive* loves Chanel Nº 5—and now she can take Chanel with her wherever she goes!

CHANEL

© 1960, CHANEL, INC., 1 W. 57TH STREET, N. Y.

NEW! N° 5 SPRAY COLOGNE



N° 5 Spray Cologne 800 measured sprays of the same cherished fragrance. (No substitute for, but a *complement to*, Spray *Perfume:* own both!) Black and gold case can't leak or spill. Perfect companion for Spray Perfume—around the clock, around the town, around the *world!*

CHANEL

5.00
PLUS TAX



Twice-told elegance . . . the double-knit jacket-and-dress in 100% Virgin Wool. In beige bound with red, black bound with white, frost red bound with white. (Not shown: self-tie belt). Sizes 6 to 16 and in Junior sizes 5 to 15. About $50.* Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Best's Apparel, Seattle; A. Harris, Dallas; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; or write BUTTE KNIT, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.

*Prices Slightly Higher West of the Rockies

Finely fashioned French kidskins in fashionable fall colors. Wonderfully washable with Kislav's Effervescent Glove Bath

KISLAV

QUI SE LAVE: THAT WHICH WASHES
THE MOST FAMOUS
GLOVE IN THE WORLD
MADE IN FRANCE





Jr. SOPHISTICATES

Dinner gown of rose-patterned coffee-color imported Chantilly lace over ivory satin. Sizes 3 to 15. About 110.00. Jr. Sophisticates, 498 Seventh Avenue, NY 18. Canada: J. H. Warsh, 130 Spadina, Toronto.



From the Kimberly Lay Collection. About sixty dollars. At Bergdorf-Goodman, Marshall Field, Neiman-Marcus, and other fine stores. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.



*Trade-mark MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION American mink—world's finest Virginia Thoren Jewels—Harry Winston Background by Schliemann Borgos

Saks

610 TWELFTH STREET, WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

SPECIAL AMERICAN GLORY: EMBA* MINK

To be wrapped in the magnificence of TOURMALINE* brand, EMBA* natural pale beige mutation mink, is a special American accomplishment, impossible to achieve in any other way, particularly in this monumental coat.

Designed by André Fath for COOPCHIK-FORREST, Inc.

NOTHING IS QUITE LIKE AUTUMN HAZE* AND OF COURSE IT'S NATURALLY EMBA® MINK



Nothing could be...because AUTUMN HAZE® natural brown mutation mink is one of the great EMBA® prides produced only in America—and here—eye-stopping, whirled and topped in delight.

designed by André Fath for *Richard Scott*

COOPCHIK-FORREST INC.

JENNY, CINCINNATI • HUNECK'S, SAN DIEGO

LEPPERT-ROOS, ST. LOUIS

Photographed by Virginia Thoren at Rockefeller Center

*MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION American mink—world's finest

Regardez! Pom Pom by

It rolls on! The new



Jewels: CARTIER Dinner Costume: BILL BLASS © 1960 Richard Hudnut

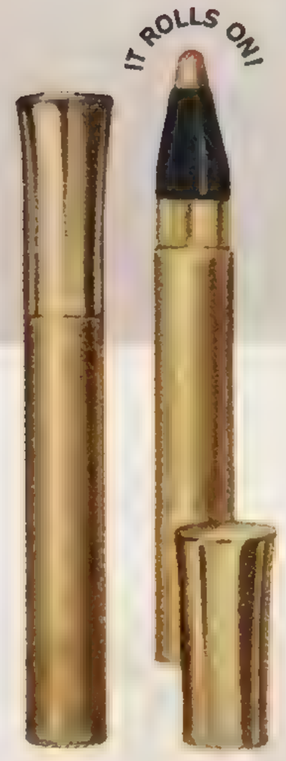
Quelle red! *Belle* red! Flash of crimson brilliance...
tempting and teasing...potent and pleasing!

'Lip Quick' ....

'Lip Quick'

French decoration for your lips!





It makes an *arc de triomphe* of your lips! Gives a bright French accent to important smoky fashion shades of Fall. How you'll love 'POM POM'... the deliciously well-rounded red that sparkles with crimson gaiety... tops everything for flattery. Only 'LIP QUICK' shapes such brilliant excitement for lips. It *rolls* on! Outlines *and* colors perfectly. Takes the place of lipstick, lip liner and lip brush. Never loses its point! 16 creamy shades. 'LIP QUICK', $1.50; refills, $1.25... *plus tax.*

.....the new fashion in lipstick by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

Voila! Les Bijoux Ravissants

jewels by François

The flair of Paris ravishing jewelry created by François.

Désirée necklace in gem colors, $6. Matching bracelet $5, pin $3, earrings $3.

Prices plus tax, slightly higher in Canada.

At leading stores or write François, 47 West 34th St., New York 1.

François, a division of Coro Inc.

designs copyrighted

maybe being an American Beauty is just a shade away . . .

only *John Robert Powers*

discovers three dozen

complexion shades—

one of them

precisely yours!

Dress designed for Bergdorf Goodman by Bernard Newman

How can four or five (or even a dozen) colors cover a whole world of complexions? They can't. John Robert Powers alone has done the infinite research needed to prove the scientific fact that thirty-six basic skin shades exist. **One of them is more becoming to you than any color you have ever worn before!** Not just blended at a counter, they are laboratory-blended foundations and powders custom-made for you. **The John Robert Powers BEAUTY LENS* tells you which.** A beautiful, personal service only possible through the completely co-ordinated treatment and make-up cosmetics of JOHN ROBERT POWERS. Available at fine specialty stores and department stores everywhere.



*TM REG. APPLIED FOR

©JOHN ROBERT POWERS PROD. CO., INC. 1960

NOW!

give your legs
precious "complexion care"
as you shave!

New, luscious pink PLUSH™ shave-creme is completely, *exclusively* feminine...and it's from HELENE CURTIS!



©1960 BY HELENE CURTIS INDUSTRIES, INC.

Deliciously smoothing! Every creamy, pink puff of PLUSH soothes from the instant it touches your skin. Infinitely better than messy soap-lather, or scrape-and-burn "dry" shaving. Gently, magically, a PLUSH shave removes every bristle from legs and underarms . . . without greasiness or goo.

Delicately antiseptic! Your legs feel so gloriously cool, you'll be glad there's *no need to rinse them.* Just smooth in any little left-over PLUSH. Your skin drinks it up . . . needs its protection against flaky dryness and chapping. You'll feel the softness of a baby's cheek.

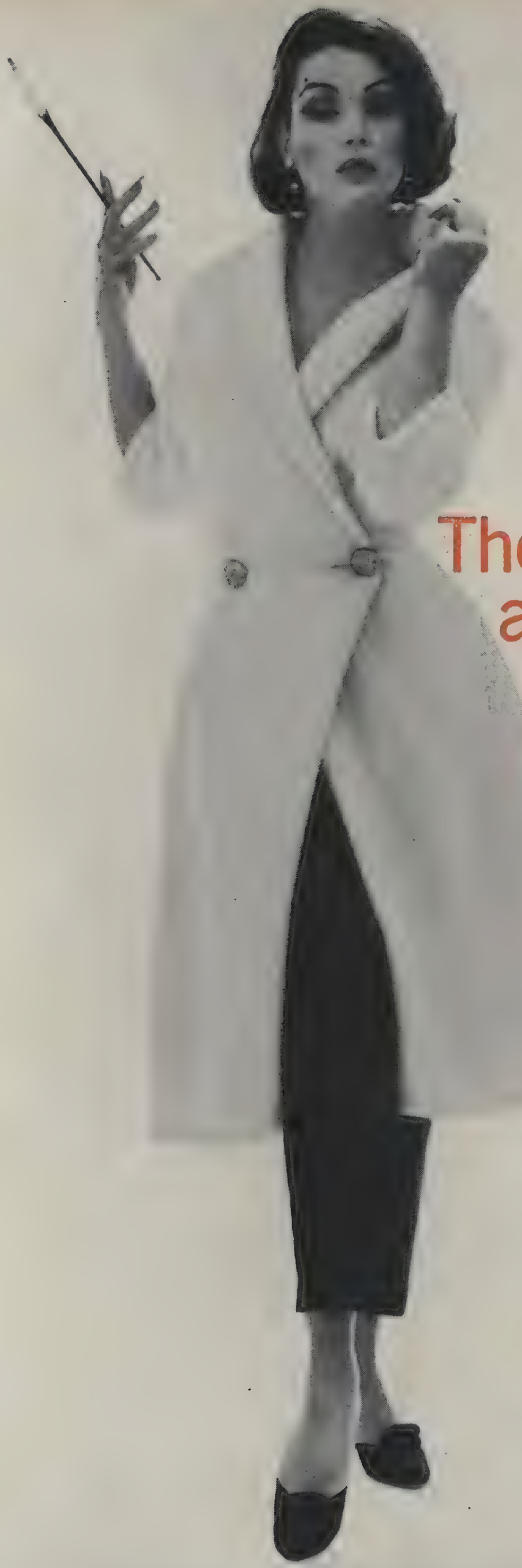
Delightfully fragrant! It's like being knee-deep in flowers! All at once, your legs have a new femininity they've never known before. Costly ingredients in PLUSH give the deep-down care legs have needed so desperately, for so long!

A new little luxury in your life for only $1.35, plus tax.



gives wings to your razor!





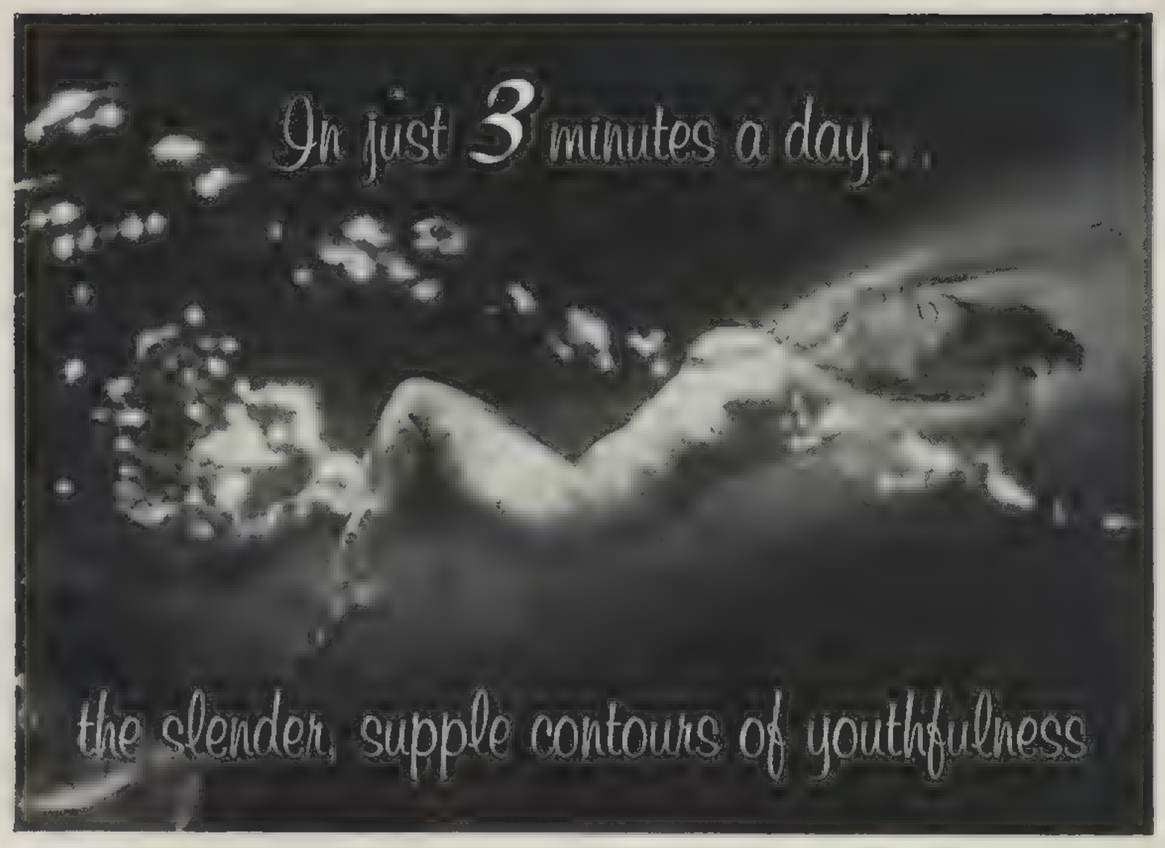
The 30's are at home in the 60's

Beautiful nostalgia is news, says **Robert Rosenfeld.** Bugle beads, slip dresses, halter necklines, culottes—the prettiest fashion trophies of the 1930's suddenly look right again. The robe, above, with rolled collar and spectacular buttons, is for those who'd like to take a whirl at this look around the house. Wear it with velveteen slacks, flashing earrings . . . and get out your cigarette holder. The fashion point here is the white, fluffy, impractical-looking fabric. The nice point is Acrilan.* (The robe is made of BEAUNIT pile of 100% Acrilan acrylic fiber . . . and couldn't be more practical. You can wash it in the machine. Or dry clean it. It comes out looking fluffy and grand.) Robe in snow white. Sizes 8 to 16. About $45. Look for the red "A"-Acrilan trademark. Fabrics don't just get it—they earn it!

Henri Bendel, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Goldwaters, Phoenix, and other fine stores.

ACRYLIC FIBER
*Reg. T.M.s of Chemstrand

Chemstrand makes only the fiber; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest. THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1 • Plants: ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla.



What Will Picas Do for You? By devoting less time per day than it takes your morning coffee to perc, you can make inches vanish from hips, waist, seat, tummy and thighs . . . the trouble spots which make you look heavier and older than you really are. And, the regular use of Picas makes it possible to keep these results permanently, because firm, healthy muscle tissue resists fat formation. Because so little energy is required, you will feel no increase in appetite. Yet, you are firming and tightening sags and bulges.

Because Picas movements are varied and without tedious repetition, users enjoy it. Before you even start to tire, you're through for the day. You haven't had to change clothes or even leave the privacy of your own home.

By their very nature, Picas movements create graceful carriage and the slender, supple contours of femininity . . . the essence of youthfulness. Your tape measure and a new, wonderfully alive feeling will tell the story.

Is Exercise Really Necessary? Doctors and physical fitness authorities agree that unless our muscles receive regular exercise, they will deteriorate . . . prematurely revealing signs of the aging process . . . robbing us of youthful vitality and appeal. Fortunately, exercise need no longer be a boring, time-consuming chore.

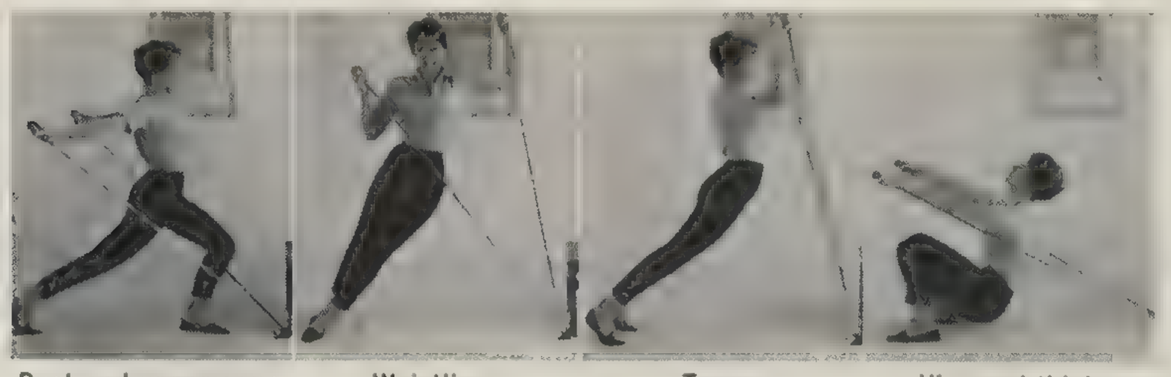
Developed by two eminent British doctors, Picas now makes effective body conditioning fast, easy and pleasant.

What Is the Principle of Picas? Picas provides the same all-around conditioning benefits as swimming, by stretching and then relaxing the body's entire network of muscles simultaneously. You merely lean into prescribed positions using the Picas arms as supports. These arms move freely allowing your own body weight to do most of the work. Since all of the crucial spots receive conditioning at the same time, most people find only 3 minutes a day are required to trim unwanted inches.

Is Dieting Required? If, as is usually the case, you do not need to lose weight, but only inches, Picas is all you need. The occasional person who is truly overweight, will find using Picas in conjunction with dieting, prevents "after-diet sag" and makes the pounds come off in the desired places. In fact, it is common knowledge that weight-loss alone does not assure a trim figure. Picas is the best way to supply the missing ingredient.

Is Picas for the Whole Family? Since most sports are seasonal, athletes, male and female, amateur and professional have found Picas is the ideal way to stay in year 'round shape. As one leading heart specialist warned business executives recently, "You can't catch up on exercise missed all week by killing yourself with activity over the weekend!"

Is Picas Expensive? Although you couldn't get results as fast, or with as little effort in a whole roomful of costly gym and exercise equipment, Picas, including the unit and complete instructions, costs only $16.95. So phone your favorite department or sporting goods store, and try Picas in your home right away.



Bust and upper arms Waistline Tummy Hips and thighs

Picas of America *413 E. 3rd St. Tucson, Arizona*

Coat forecast; millinery footnotes





First steps
in fashion arithmetic:
a sturdy, heathery wool
tweed plus a little velveteen collar equals a
coat that's as much at home at dress-up birthday
celebrations as it is doing regular school duty. Its
princess lines are semi-fitted, leaving plenty of room
for warm dresses—and, incidentally, for growing.
Further additions to make: two of the three hats
sketched here—a taupe roller for school, one of
the little velveteen hats for dress-up. The coat,
of heather-beige wool tweed
with brown velveteen collar;
by Doby Girl, of Chatham
fabric, sizes 7 to 12,
about $30. The taupe roller
of wool felt (worn with
the coat, above), the
brown velveteen brimmed
pouf hat (above) and
brown velveteen Scots
cap (right), all by
Victor Cohen. Coat, hats,
all at Bloomingdale's;
Hutzler's.

EVELYN MARCIL

lifts to flatten tummy

lifts
to firm
derriere

JOY... AS IN JANTZEN

"parisienne panel"

joy... as in this revolutionary patented* [illegible]ve Jantzen panty-girdle, which introduces a fabulous new contouring technique. Miraculous inner-[illegible] lift to flatten all the tummy, to firm and shape the derriere, to assure complete comfort. A genius garter attachment eliminates strain when s[illegible]n (241) black or white 15.00... others 12.95 and 13.[illegible]

*construction design pat. no. 2879771

Jantzen THE FOUNDATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY

WRITE FOR FIGUREMAKING BOOKLET "T" • JANTZEN INC. • FOUNDATIONS AND BRASSIERES • 261 MADISON [illegible] • NEW YORK

The hour of Enchantment
begins with L'Heure Bleue



GUERLAIN

MAISON FONDEE
EN 1828

L'HEURE BLEUE PERFUME: $5, $11, $19, $33
PRICES PLUS TAX.

Estevez' dreams begin with a *maidenform* girdle







LUIS ESTEVEZ, NOTED AMERICAN DESIGNER WHOSE HEAD-TO-TOE COLLECTIONS INCLUDE SHOES & JEWELRY

the dream of a dress:

Winged Victory—an evening *jet* flight in vamp-y velvet. Typically *untypical* Estevez: twin focal points of interest which streak from the bodice for the most dramatic *entrances* of all this fall. The couldn't-be-slimmer silhouette lets nothing come between you and the dress—except the Maidenform glamour-girdle beneath, making it all possible.

the dream of a girdle:

happiest medium between lightweight freedom and firmest figure control—Spindrift* by Maidenform. Fitted side and back panels make the *most* of your figure (*least* of your inches)! For extra comfort: dipped in front waist, and velvety-soft elastic *underlining* at waist and legs. *Eight* Spindrift* styles from 2.95, all machine washable. Pantie shown, 8.95.



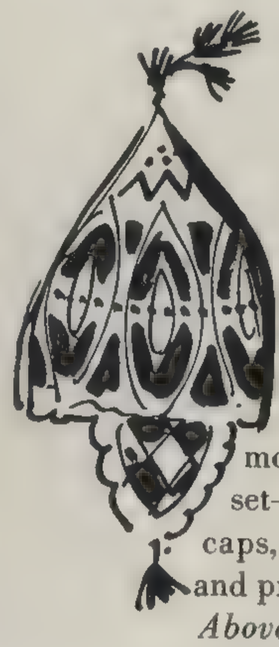
And no wonder! For here is the dramatic appeal
of smart styling surpassed only by the glowing beauty
of the Imperial Cultured Pearls that enhance each piece
. . . each one grown in the living oyster . . . for you.
Truly, this Imperial Cultured Pearl Jewelry is
designed in 14 K gold to become your most precious
possession. Styles illustrated and many more are
waiting for you to take for only $39.95.
At Better Jewelry and Department Stores Everywhere

IMPERIAL PEARL SYNDICATE, INCORPORATED
681 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Fur by: Lewitz Furs, Chicago, Illinois

Coat forecast for the snowman set



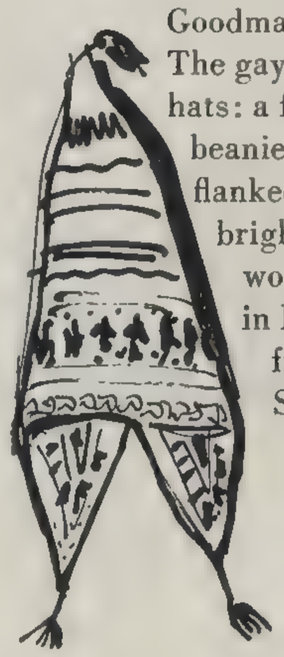


Here, details most-wanted by the snowsuit set—gay colours, swingy long-tailed caps, novelty buttons—with the rugged fabrics and practical warm styling mothers look for.

Above: Bright red snowsuit with red-and-white knitted wool stocking cap attached. The lining is cosy white pile of Orlon (Borg fabric). Knitted cuffs, trimming; front zipper. The ski pants have reinforced knees. Snowsuit of Taslan-textured nylon; sizes 2 to 4. By Gardner, about $20. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's.



Right: Snowsuit with a jacket long enough to double as a coat. The buttons fasten left or right—for boys or girls; zip-off hood. By Gardner, of slate-blue nylon with navy-blue pile lining of Orlon (Borg fabric). Sizes 3 to 6X; about $25. At the Boys & Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman.



The gay snow hats: a felt beanie, centre, flanked by bright knitted wool caps made in Peru. All, from the André Ski Shop.



EVELYN MARCIL

New Talon Zephyr . . . fabulous nylon closure with the feel and flex of fabric.

Breezing in and beautiful in motion: Pleats, plaids—handsomely cut and free from the look and feel of hardware—thanks to the new Talon Zephyr. A revolutionary nylon spiral design makes it so soft and supple it feels like fabric. And, because it's color through and through, it can't reveal that metal gleam along the seam. It's virtually snag-proof . . . magically "self-healing!" (If fabric or thread should catch in coils, bend it in half to open . . . remove fabric. Then zip it down, zip it up and it "heals" itself!) You'll find the Zephyr closing marvelously smart fashions like this one . . . from **JANE DERBY'S** decidedly beautiful collection.



Talon, Inc., Meadville, Pa. • In Mexico, Talon de Mexico S.A. de C.V. • In Canada, Lightning Fastener Company, Limited.

Talon® ZEPHyR takes the hardware out of fashion

Made possible by DuPont...

made beautiful by Warner's!

'New Dimension'

A completely new era in shape-making begins with these light, lasting, easy-care Lycra SPANDEX girdles and bras

On these pages is the shape of things to come; 'New Dimension' girdles and bras by Warner's. In the thousand-year history of corsetry, there's never been anything as wonderful—because they're made of Lycra, the extraordinary elastic fiber that Warner's and DuPont worked hand in hand to develop.

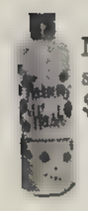
Here's how Warner's fashions Lycra® to give you a New Dimension: Is your figure (almost) heavenly? There's a 'New Dimension' with all the slimming power you could possibly want, yet it weighs merely 2 oz.*—even less than your lipstick! Is your figure clearly *this* side of paradise? There are 'New Dimensions' with control plus, or double-plus—all with elastic that's one-third lighter, one-third cooler than any you've ever worn.

As if this weren't enough: your 'New Dimension' will *last,* too . . . will keep its "life" far longer than ordinary girdles or bras—because Lycra resists the perspiration and body oils that sooner or later ruin conventional elastics. *And,* your light and lovely 'New Dimension'™ is durable enough to be machine-washed. What a joy *that* will be!

So pause at the page opposite and choose yours—even though pictures, alas, don't do justice to these 'New Dimensions' by Warner's.® To learn how truly wonderful they are, you have to hold one in your hand; you have to try it on. Do, today, at your nicest store. With less weight, thickness, discomfort than your body's ever known, you'll be in the *loveliest* shape! Prices start at $5.00 for bras, $7.95 for girdles.

**exclusive of accessories*

very New very Young from Warner's®

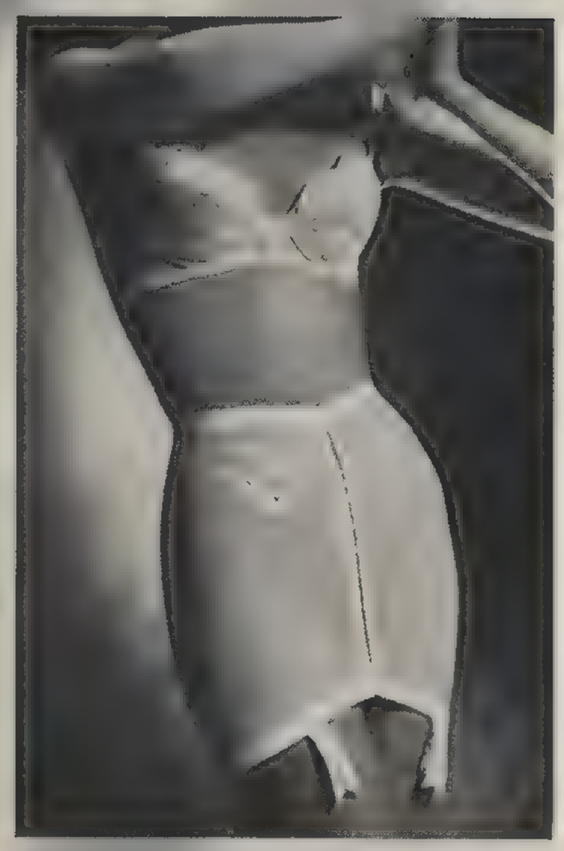


New! Warner Wash! Gives professional washing care to girdles, bras, lingerie, woolens. Prolongs their life, preserves their looks. It's Warner's gentle-formula cold water soap. Get Warner Wash where you buy your Warner's. $1.50 for 10 full ounces.











GREAT LAKES MINK

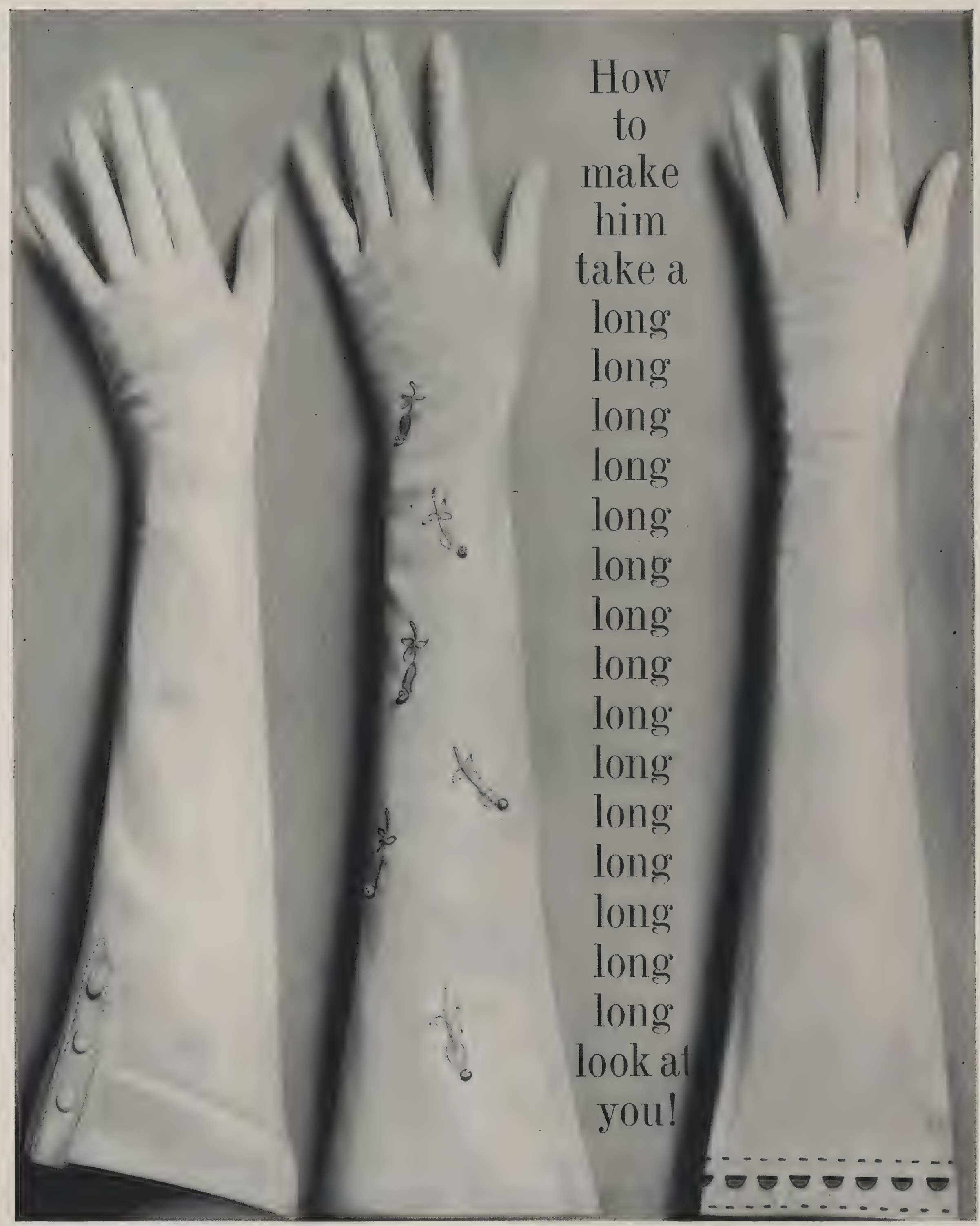
GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION



The new silhouette, richly collared and ravishingly conceived in Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink...worked with fur up for deeper lustre and tone of color.

40, RUE LA BOETIE, PARIS **Revillon** 11, WEST 57TH STREET, N.Y.

AT THE GIDDING CO., CINCINNATI • JANDEL FURS, WASHINGTON, D.C.



Wear Ambassador (left), about $6. Or Majesty (center), about $5. Or Vendome (right), about $5. All in black, white, nougat, in finest double-woven cotton ... and all so pretty, he may not want to stop at just a *look!* Wear-Right Gloves, Inc., 244 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. • Chicago • Los Angeles • Dallas.

Wear-Right



it goes to your heart

INTOXICATION

PERFUME BY D'ORSAY OF PARIS

Coat forecast: new on the snowscape



EVELYN MARCIL

When it's good packing weather (snowball packing, that is), this snowsuit will be one of the gayest things aboard skis—or a sled. Long-haired red-and-white checkered parka, the checks king-size, of deep-pile Orlon (Princeton fabric). With white pile at hood and hem; white quilted lining; zipper closing. Stretchy black ski pants are of Helanca nylon and Dacron. Both by Tidykins; sizes 7 to 14; parka, about $25; pants, about $20. Boys & Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman; Famous-Barr. The furry snow-and-ski accessories (reading from the top down): peaked pixie-ish hat; long, leather-palmed mitten; boot with foam rubber sole and multicolour fabric trimming. All at the André Ski Shop.







#3244 on the opposite page, was chosen by DuPont from an extensive collection of Heavenly® Lingerie by Fischer in Satin de Lys and in nylon tricot. It is available at these and other fine stores across the country.

FISCHER

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FISCHER & COMPANY INC.
105 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 16



Behold . . . new lustrous lingerie of Du Pont Nylon, "Dacron"® and silk

POLYESTER FIBER

woven with all the luxury in the world—washed without a care in the world!

All the sumptuousness, the lusciousness of satin—but now Du Pont nylon and "Dacron" polyester fiber blend with silk to give you this lingerie luxury with none of luxury's care. Livable, wearable, washable—with hardly the need of an iron! Du Pont nylon and "Dacron" invite you to discover this new, carefree elegance today—in a gown enriched with lace and embroidery as portrayed here. White, pink or blue. Sizes 32 to 42. About $20. At better stores everywhere.*

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or lingerie shown here.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Gossard has a *Flair*® for fitting you

Why wear a carbon copy bra—why not wear the *original* bra designed to fit your individual figure differences and day-to-day figure changes? Self-adjusting elastic net* frames each cup . . . never lets Flair tug or bind. Gossard's Flair contours a natural, young silhouette in complete comfort. Guaranteed machine washable, of course. Look for *your* Flair in its attractive, new, easy-to-choose package.

Circle-Stitched Cotton Flair Bra (#2115) $3.00
Nylon Lace (#2715) $3.95 Pre-shaped cotton (#2707) $3.95

**Elastic net: nylon, cotton, rubber* THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., CHICAGO

JAY THORPE
24 West 57th Street, NEW YORK

HOFFMAN-MORTON
679 N. Michigan Ave. (entrance on Huron St.) CHICAGO



Soft, soft, soft-spoken, yet superbly planned for maximum elegance and a fashion glow! A wreath of Tip Dyed Russian Sable tops this fur of global prestige.

FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL



© R. & M. KAUFMANN, INC., AURORA, ILL., 1960

Two looks to make the most of little evenings.
Left to right, under the jacket a sculptured sheath,
lightly scooped, in opulent brocade of cotton/acetate.
Antique, black, blue. 12 to 20; 12½ to 22½.

TONI TODD

The bouffant, with rows of subtle stitching, in
satiny acetate peau de soie. Parchment, emerald green,
violet, red, black. 10 to 18. Only the look is expensive. Each 14.95.
Available at J. L. HUDSON, Detroit and other fine stores.
For the store nearest you write R. & M. Kaufmann, Inc., Aurora, Ill.

DAWN OF A NEW MAKE-UP

Sheer Genius

...the beautiful difference!



© 1960, MAX FACTOR & CO.

SHEER GENIUS...the incredible new make-up that softens the natural look with a finish more delicate than powder

Whoever thought make-up could be like this... flawless yet so sheer that all you can see is the beautiful difference it makes! Created by Max Factor, Sheer Genius *soft-lights* your face like the morning sun... then *soft-finishes* with a magic mist. And it *feels* so good to be beautiful in Sheer Genius. Your skin feels fresh, young, floating on air. Sheer Genius, sheerest of them all, is a *complete* make-up in liquid form. Totally new, totally different, it comes in a tube. So easy to use. Eight complexion-balanced shades. It's *Sheer Genius*... and all you can see is the beautiful difference! $1.50

SHEER GENIUS... All you can see is the beautiful difference

MAX FACTOR



Magnificent fluidity of line in a coat with something new up its sleeve: a sumptuous undercuff of fur to match the collar. The whitest of mink has been used to set off the elegance of Anglo's "Doesana". About $225.* At your favorite store, or write Zelinka Matlick, 512 Seventh Ave., New York 18. In Canada, Gordon Mfg. Co., Montreal.

*slightly higher on the west coast



THE MOST EXCITING FASHIONS YOUR HOME CAN WEAR. **POUFF BEDSPREADS/PILLOWS/RUGS!** Dress your rooms in a complete wardrobe of Princeton's Pouff, and let this fabulous furry-soft fabric cast its magic spell of fashion. Pouff is an opulent blend of Creslan acrylic and Dynel modacrylic, its high-piled luxury made radiant in a rainbow of color fashions. So wonderfully practical, too. Pouff scatter rugs, for example, are completely machine-washable. Bedspreads in 12 colors: twin-size, $49.95; full-size, $54.95; king-size, $69.95. Pillows, round and square, in 12 colors: 12", $3.98; 15", $4.98; 18", $5.98. Scatter rugs in 27 colors: from $4.95 to $32.95. Area rugs in 27 colors: from $85 to $215.

Burlington QUALITY

PRINCETON MILLS 450 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, New York/A Division of Burlington Industries

POUFF COSTUME DESIGNED BY JOHN WEITZ./PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

The smoothest strategy that ever fanned the flame in a woman's eyes

Lusty Eye Make-up



At stores smart enough to know

Autumn falls—the *hush look* happens. Colors grow quiet. Textures sink deep as sleep. All fashion turns to sweet, sweet subtlety. Calculated calm to draw all eyes to your eyes. Are they too timid to make the most of their moment? Should their smoulder be bolder? Ignite the embers with Tussy—eye strategy that's *laced with cream.*



TUSSY EYE CREAM. Leave it on while you dream. Cream away dryness. Woo away crow's feet. All day use it to lay gay groundwork for creamy Tussy Eye Shadow. ½ ounce, only $1.00.



TUSSY EYE SHADOW. Laced with cream to light your lids. Fireworks begin with Blue Violet. Turquoise. Silver. Bright Sapphire. Mauve. Emerald. White Lustre. Only $1.25.





TUSSY SHADO-RAMA. The first "lid-stick" in captivity. Six creamy shadows in one stack-up. Bright Sapphire. Emerald. Mauve. Silver. Turquoise. And Blue Violet. All immune to water! Only $1.75.



the *hush look* lets your eyes do the talking and only Tussy has the flare for conversation. All prices plus tax.

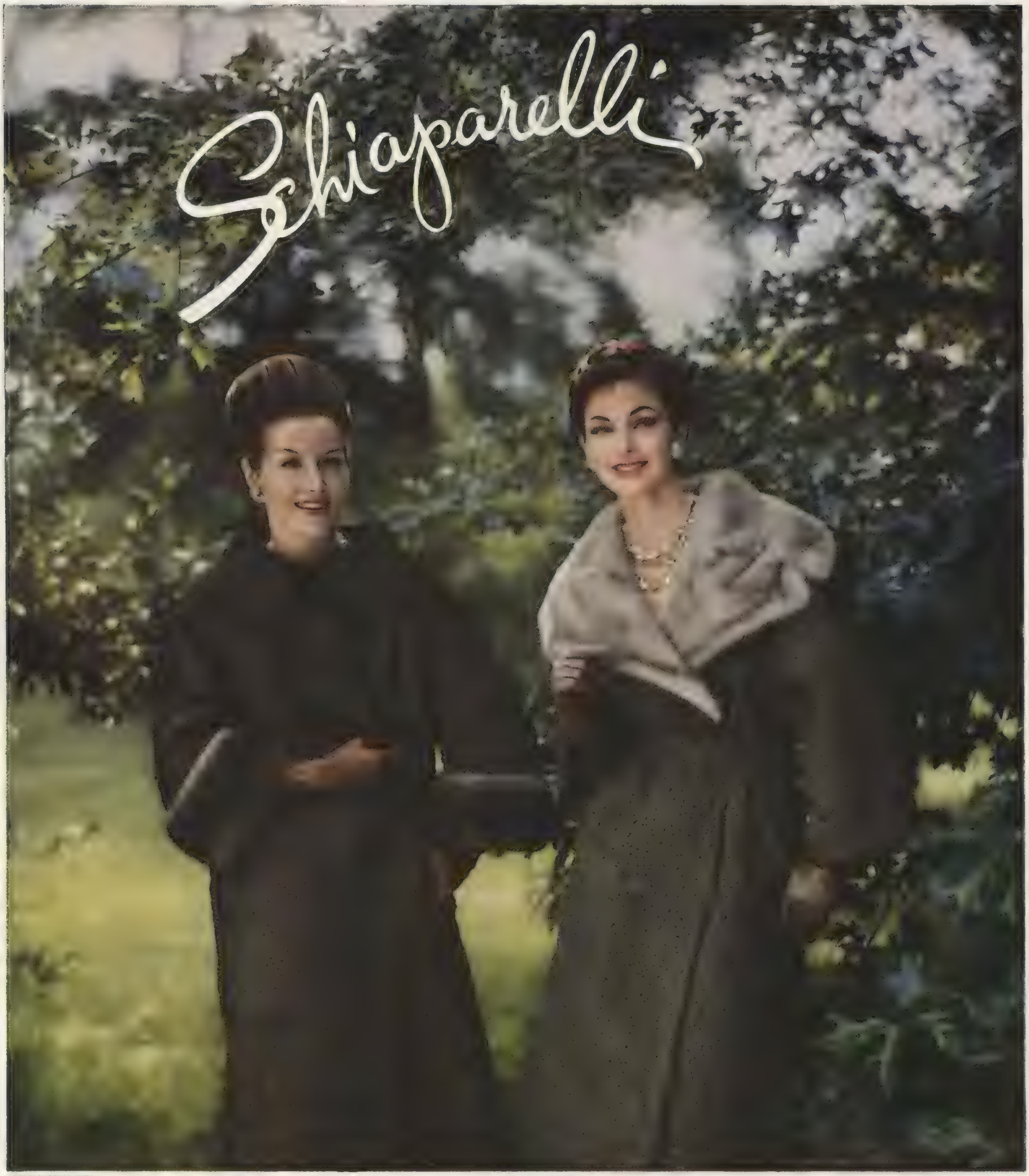
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* DYED BY MARCO

You'll love the enormous dash and fashion zest of MARCO-DYED*

SOUTHWEST AFRICAN PERSIAN LAMB

"COFFEE BROWN" or "ROCOCCO." Wonderful, deep-armed fashion-future shapes...cuffed or collared lavishly in synchronizing tones of mink. The prophetic new look in one of the world's most honored furs!



SCHIAPARELLI HATS

R. H. MACY & CO., New York • JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia
G. FOX & CO., Hartford • KAUFMANN'S, Pittsburgh • CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO., Chicago
...and at other fine stores throughout the country.

Quality at your feet

BROWN
SHOE COMPANY



Classic Entrance

Fashion takes an exciting step forward! Can sober calf be saucy? Risqué says "Yes" and proves the point with these polished pumps. Wear them with the knowledge that calf with a gleam is charmingly Risqué.

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Other styles,
6.99 to 12.99.
Higher Denver West

RISQUÉ®

RISQUÉ DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

NATURAL BEAUTY

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The Pearl of Hair Cremes

Your hair obeys the light touch of Dusharme, unveils hidden loveliness that is naturally yours. Tinted, blonde or gray ... brunette or brownette ...whatever your hair color or coiffure, Dusharme delicately dresses, never streaks or discolors.

Dusharme CREME HAIR DRESSING

THE LIGHT-BODIED DRESSING AND CONDITIONER FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

introducing
the new
Crown Jewel
collection

by
Exquisite Form
brassieres



Conceived for the *one* woman in *three* who wants a truly luxurious brassiere, marvelously designed, superbly constructed, custom-finished. Created by the world's foremost designers—tailored by expert needleworkers—perfection-inspected—this Crown Jewel collection is ready to be placed in its proper setting—*your boudoir.*

AS THE PREMIERE PRESENTATION...JUST A'JUST WITH RIBBON WIRE

1. Custom-fit assured with this magic tab that adjusts to fit just your contour.
2. Wired with exclusive, flat, flexible RIBBON WIRE encased in softest cushioning, to give you the lift and contour you want . . . *comfortably.*
3. Re-inforced petal undercup for firmer uplift and control.
4. Ingenious gathered elastic sections prevent unsightly, uncomfortable gapping under the arms.
5. All elastic back stays with you . . . breathes with you.

Elastic in this bra of acetate, rubber, Dacron polyester.

Available in magnificent white nylon lace (illus) **$5.95** In superbly-styled embroidered cotton **$3.95** (B, C *and* D cups in both styles) D cup in cotton slightly more.



SONG OF INDIA—Betmar's provocative turban of imported Italian velour, enriched with an impressive jewel-toned pin nestled in the folds. In black, brown, navy and other important fall tones. About $9.

Betmar Betmar

At fine stores everywhere or write...

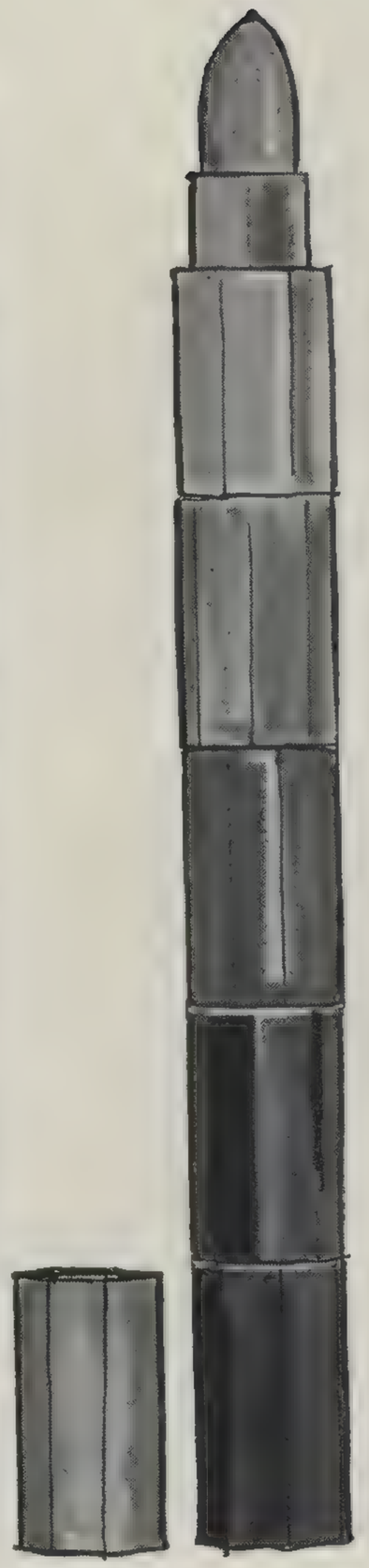
BETMAR HATS, INC.
1040 Ave. of Americas, New York 18.

b·Weinstein

7 East 57 Street New York

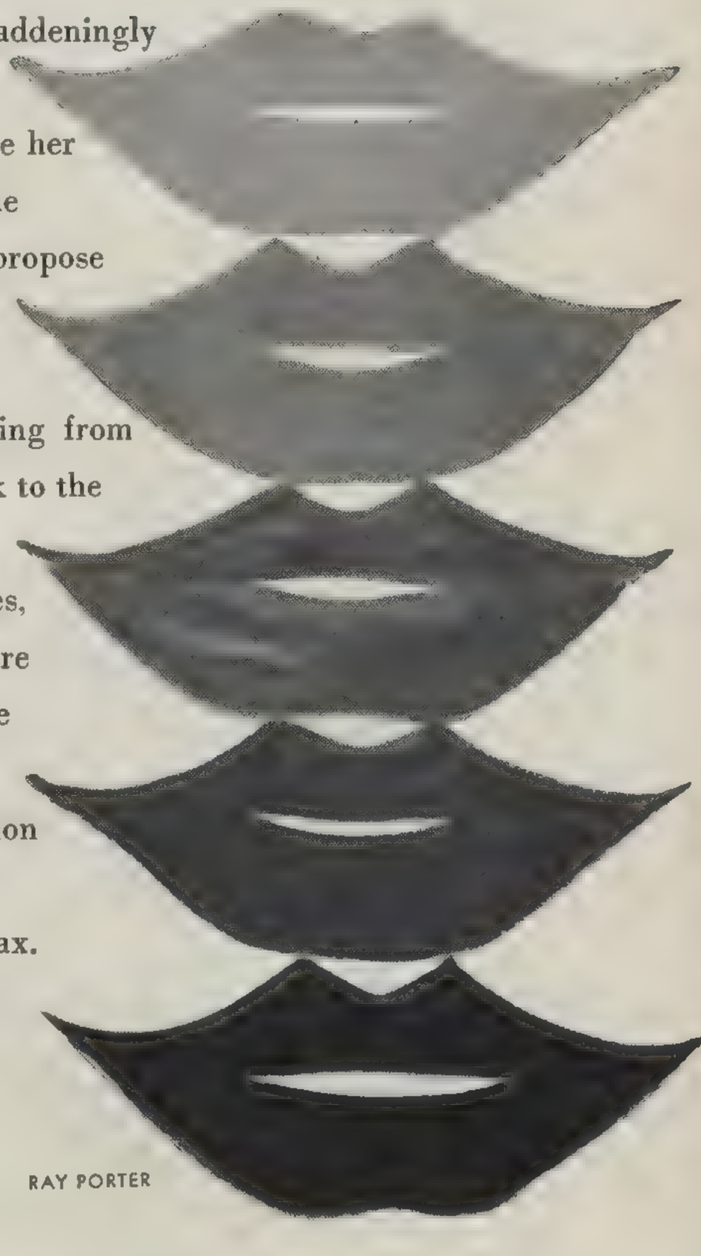
THE COLLARLESS WRAP CARDIGAN... IN SUNLIT PALE BEIGE MINK





The case for an organized lipstick-life

We know a woman who carries a clutch of lipsticks at a time, and they all rattle away—maddeningly inaccessible—in the lower depths of her handbag. We see her point, and so, evidently, do the beauty-brains at Tussy, who propose this sensible alternate: a whole palette of lipstick colours—five by count—ranging from a clear and blushy young pink to the worldliest scarlet, all contained in a neat five inches, and easily separable anywhere along the line. Lipstack is the name (it's slightly larger than life-size in the illustration above), and you'll find it at Bloomingdale's. $1.75 plus tax.



RAY PORTER

CHANDLER'S

FRENCH ROOM SHOES



WITHOUT HER

Laguna®

crown jewel look

The dazzling drama of Aurora Borealis . . . shimmering with star-like splendor. Multi-faceted, iridescent mock crystals shaped with graduated finesse into a moonbeam necklace . . . crescent earrings . . . a clasp of midnight brightness for your arm. Aurora Borealis necklaces, 1 to 5 strands, $5.00 to $20.00. Earrings $2.00 to $6.00. Bracelets $4.00 to $12.00.

LAGUNA, ROYAL CRAFTSMEN, INC. • 389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

New handbag planning





Here, a whole wardrobe of handbags—to cover all stops around the clock.
Above: For less-than-big evenings, a black satin purse; rhinestone clasp. By Beau Sac, $9*; Lord & Taylor.
Left: Handbag-about-town—as trim and tailored as a suit. Black calfskin; gilt metal frame. By Lona, $17*; Saks Fifth Avenue.



SHANNON



Above: For gala evenings, long-stemmed red roses—cut velvet on black satin. Slender fold-over clutch purse by Enger-Kress, $13*; from Lord & Taylor.
Left: For the country, a spacious brown calfskin handbag. Envelope-flap pockets flank a central open compartment. By Ronay, $23*; Bonwit Teller.

*PLUS TAX



Hollywood Vassarette®

be glad you took the plunge! Now you can dip into the most beckoning backless dresses or gossamer sheers with Hollywood Vassarette's "Debut." It holds you with absolutely nothing across the back . . . the most important advance in freedom for women since grandma got the vote! Such comfort, you'll probably adopt "Debut" as a basic bra, all controlled by two slim straps that anchor to the top of your girdle. Black or white lace, 32-36 A, B, C, D, 5.95. At fine stores.



Munsingwear loves catering to your most feminine moods . . . see it here in every superb detail of the "Chatelaine" set! Like moonlight and mist, two layers of nylon tricot create a waltz-gown and peignoir . . . make a perfect setting for dainty Valenciennes lace we imported from Calais to combine with an original schiffli silk floss embroidery design. Choose your "Chatelaine" in pure white or crystal blue with white embroidery and lace. Sizes 32-38, 29.95 the set.

MUNSINGWEAR, INC.—WOMEN'S AND GIRLS' LINGERIE, SLEEPSTYLES, SPORTSWEAR / WOMEN'S HOSIERY / HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE® BRAS, GIRDLES / MEN'S AND BOYS' UNDERWEAR, SLEEPWEAR, SPORTSWEAR, SOCKS / 261 MADISON AVE., NYC

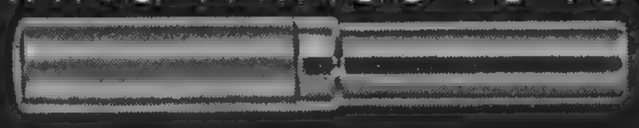
DEEP
AS THE
OCEAN...

DARK
AS A
RAVEN'S
WING...

EYES
A MAN
COULD
DROWN
IN...



A NEW EYE SHADOW MAGIC CALLED **BASIC BLACK**
THAT DOES DEVASTATING THINGS TO YOUR EYES!



MAX FACTOR

When winter winds blow and temperatures drop, a woman's skin—her most precious asset — needs protection against the drying effect of outdoor cold and heated rooms. Nature has provided for this protection by creating oil glands. Deep within the tissues, these glands control the delicate balance of natural oils and moisture necessary to maintain the skin's bloom of youth.

As winter approaches, this balance is disturbed: oils diminish; skin dries and nature requires an assist from science. The wise woman need not despair of smooth skin; she simply turns to SARDO.

the perfect solution to dry skin

Created after years of scientific research, SARDO is a medically proven lipodermic formula that forms an invisible shield of defense between you and the harmful effects of weather. Delicately scented, SARDO gives your skin the protection it needs . . . keeps it smooth — pure and soft — gently soothing to the touch.

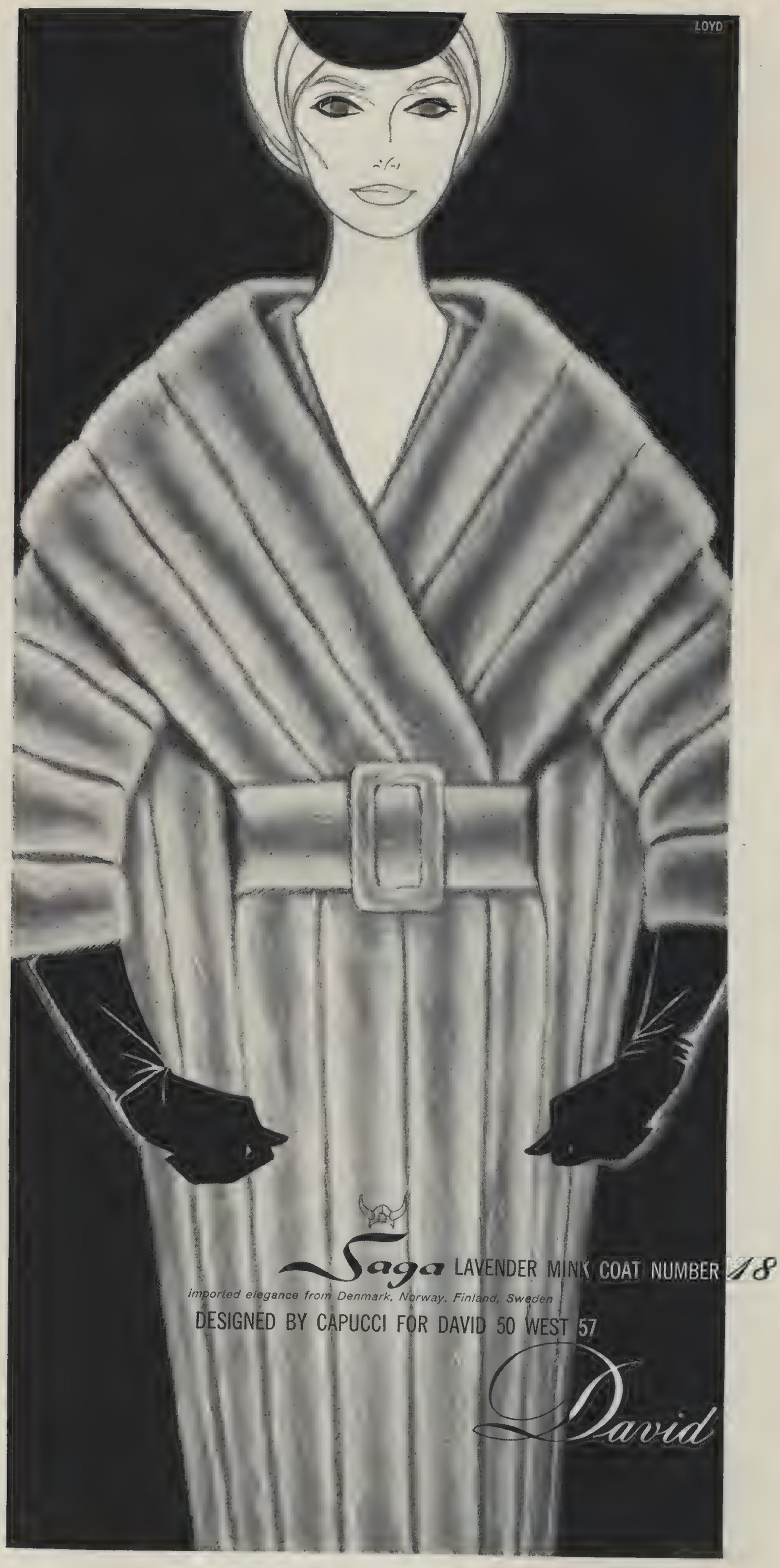
Pour a capful in your tub tonight. Watch SARDO burst into a million tiny skin-caressing droplets the instant it touches warm water. Bathe as usual and relax — for just two minutes. Mark how quickly SARDO weather-protects your body — soothing and healing already chafed, chapped, irritated areas such as heels, wrists, knees, elbows. Try SARDO daily and bathe away dry skin all over your body.

Observe, too, how a daily SARDO bath tones and invigorates your skin . . . and see how quickly its cumulative effects turn back the hands of time. Notice that each time you step into a SARDO bath you take an exciting step toward new ease, new comfort — new cold-weather confidence and beauty.
Buy SARDO today — available at all drug and cosmetic counters — $3.00 plus tax.

bathe away dry skin



© 1960


LOYD
Saga LAVENDER MINK COAT NUMBER 78
imported elegance from Denmark, Norway, Finland, Sweden
DESIGNED BY CAPUCCI FOR DAVID 50 WEST 57
David

FOUR TABLE-FRESHENERS: ONE CLASSIC, THREE SURPRISES

The four ideas here have one thing in common—each is meant to freshen menus. Although the classic potato soup (this version from Dione Lucas) has long been among the standards, the *tomatoes guacamole* from June Platt, the *moussaka* and the *dolmadis*, both from Mrs. Alston Boyd, are apt to come as delectable surprises. (The wife of a Naval officer, Mrs. Boyd collects recipes all around the world; she serves *moussaka* and *dolmadis* with a green salad, finishing off with mangoes.)

POTATO SOUP

From Dione Lucas

4 large potatoes, finely sliced
1 bunch leeks, finely sliced
1 small stalk celery, finely sliced
1 finely sliced onion
Salt and pepper
1 cup water
1½ cups strong chicken or beef stock
1 cup cream
Finely-chopped fresh chives
Finely-shredded and cooked carrots

Place the potatoes, leeks, celery, and onion in a pan with the water. Season and cook very slowly until mushy. Pour on the stock and bring to a boil. Rub through a coarse strainer and then through a fine strainer. Stir in the cream, garnish with the chives and carrots. (The actual soup can be made many days ahead of time, and the cream, chives and carrots added just before warming and serving.) Serves four.

TOMATOES GUACAMOLE

From June Platt

12 ripe tomatoes
4 avocados
1 small clove of garlic
½ teaspoon cracked pepper
1 teaspoon or more salt
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 cup finely cut, crisp celery
Juice of 1 lemon
1 cup French dressing seasoned with dried tarragon

For tomato shells

Plunge one by one a dozen ripe tomatoes into boiling water, then into cold, and remove the skins. Place temporarily in icebox. Later, take a thick slice off the round end of each and carefully scoop out all the seeds. Place the removed slice back on each as you go along. Cover with aluminum foil and keep in icebox until ready to serve.

Before serving fill with the avocado mixture. Cover with removed tomato lids, carefully concealing all the avocado. Arrange on large oval serving platter, pour a cup of well-seasoned French dressing over all, sprinkle copiously with chopped parsley, and serve.

For avocado filling

Place the pulp from 4 fine ripe avocados in a bowl. Chop lightly with a two-blade cutter, season with small clove of garlic

CURON inside brings fashion outside, in a season-hopping coat of Security knitted Orlon acrylic laminated to Curon. This cloud-light foam keeps the shape forever slender—the coat forever warm. Beige, red, black and white. Sizes 6 to 18, about $45. At fine stores everywhere or write **Brand & Puritz,** 202 West 40th St., New York City.



a SECURITY FABRIC laminated to Curon® the multicellular foam

® Reg. T. M. REEVES BROTHERS, INC., New York

CURON inside brings fashion outside for elegance wrapped in a trenchcoat. Curon foam is laminated to the luxurious Security wool jersey to hold in the shape and throw off the cold. In black, flame, green, bisque, gold, white and amethyst. Sizes 6 to 18, about $35. At Best & Co., New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston, or write **March and Mendl,** 512 Seventh Avenue, New York City.



a SECURITY KNIT FABRIC laminated to Curon® the multicellular foam

® Reg. T. M. REEVES BROTHERS, INC., New York

FOUR TABLE-FRESHENERS:
ONE CLASSIC, THREE SURPRISES

(Continued from page 104)

(put through garlic press), cracked pepper, salt, lemon juice. Mix lightly and fold in celery cut in tiny cubes.

MOUSSAKA
From Mrs. Alston Boyd

1 large eggplant
4 large fresh tomatoes
3 large onions
3 cloves of garlic
1½ lbs. top round beef, ground, or lean lamb, ground
Salt
Black Java pepper, cracked
2 tablespoons olive oil
Swiss cheese, thinly sliced

Without removing the skin, slice eggplant thinly and parboil. Sauté thinly sliced onions in olive oil. Peel and chop tomatoes: mince garlic. Put olive oil in bottom of large earthenware baking dish, then cover the bottom with a layer of eggplant slices. Salt and pepper the ground meat. Mix with minced garlic and place a thin layer of meat over eggplant. On that, place a layer of sliced onions and a layer of salted and peppered chopped tomatoes. Repeat eggplant, meat, onion, and tomato layers until ingredients are used up. Cover entire top with a layer of sliced Swiss cheese, brush lightly with olive oil, and bake in 375° oven for thirty minutes. Serve in same baking dish. Serves six.

CURON inside brings fashion outside... in a cable-stitched sweater coat equipped to travel from city to suburb...from sun to snow. Curon foam, laminated to a knitted wool by Originit, doubles the warmth and keeps the shape. Gray, desert sand and ripe olive in sizes 6 to 16, about $60. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Lytton's, Chicago; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Famous Barr, St. Louis, or write **A. DAVIS & SONS, INC.,** 220 West 37th Street, New York City.



an **ORIGINIT FABRIC** laminated to **Curon®** the multicellular foam

® Reg. T. M. REEVES BROTHERS, INC., New York

DOLMADIS
(GRAPE-LEAF ROLLS)
From Mrs. Alston Boyd

1 onion
2 teaspoons parsley, chopped
1 teaspoon powdered Spice Island chicken stock base
½ cup uncooked rice
Salt
Black Java pepper, freshly ground
6 slices lemon
Olive oil (finest)
12 grape leaves (fresh or canned)

Fry finely-minced onion and parsley in olive oil until tender. Add uncooked rice, chicken stock base, and enough water to moisten. Salt and pepper to taste. Fill each grape leaf loosely with this mixture, to allow rice to expand when it is cooked. Roll the leaves and fold in the ends, securing each end with a toothpick. Fill the bottom of a saucepan with 6 of the grape-leaf rolls, placed tightly together. Place 3 slices of lemon on top, add another layer of the remaining 6 grape-leaf rolls, and top with 3 more lemon slices. Add enough water to cover (to be saved later for sauce). Place a flat earthenware or Pyrex plate on top of the rolls to hold them. Cover saucepan tightly, bring to boil and then simmer for one hour.

For the sauce, make a thin Hollandaise with twice as much lemon as normally used and add ¼ teaspoon of mace. The sauce may be thinned with the water the grape-leaf rolls have been cooked in. Serve grape-leaf rolls on platter garnished with grape leaves, with sauce on the side in sauce boat.

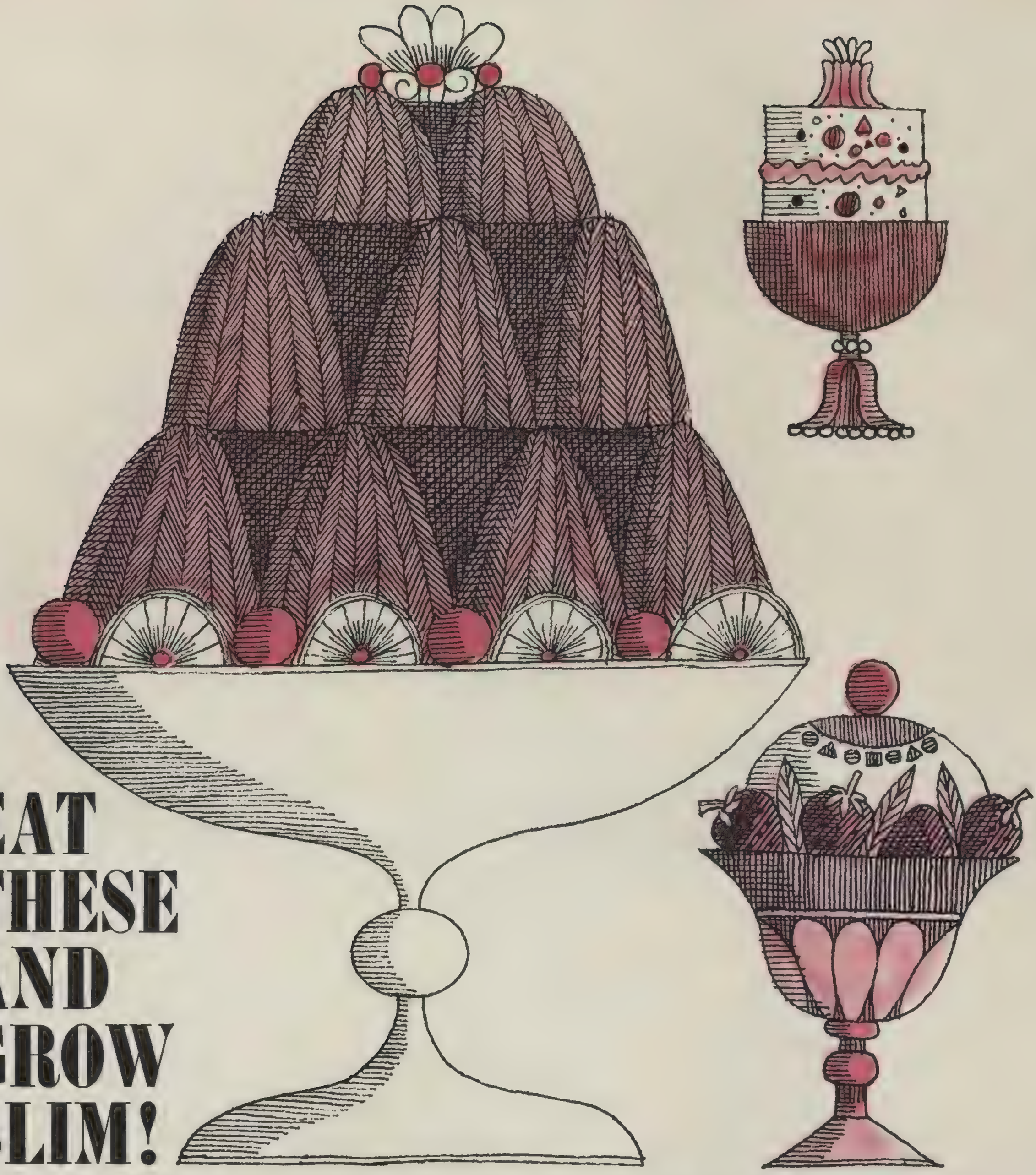
This dish may be served hot or cooled to room temperature. If it is to be served cold, it may be prepared the day before. Serves six.

CURON inside brings fashion outside. A fluff of mouton rings the hood of a jacket you'd guess was leather. It's Vinyl plastic lined in cotton knit laminated to wonderful Curon foam, to welcome warmth and lock out cold. Green, taupe, black, beige and white. Sizes 7 to 15 and 8 to 16, about $35. At Gimbel Brothers, N. Y. and branches; Lansburgh's, Washington D.C.; F & L Lazarus, Columbus or write **Arthur Doctor,** 250 West 39th Street, New York City.



an **ORIGINIT FABRIC** laminated to **Curon®** the multicellular foam

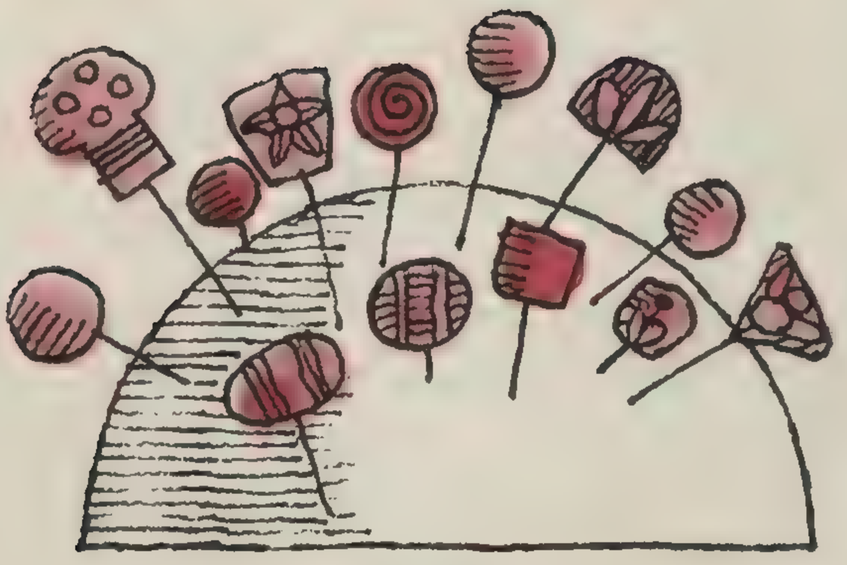
® Reg. T. M. REEVES BROTHERS, INC., New York

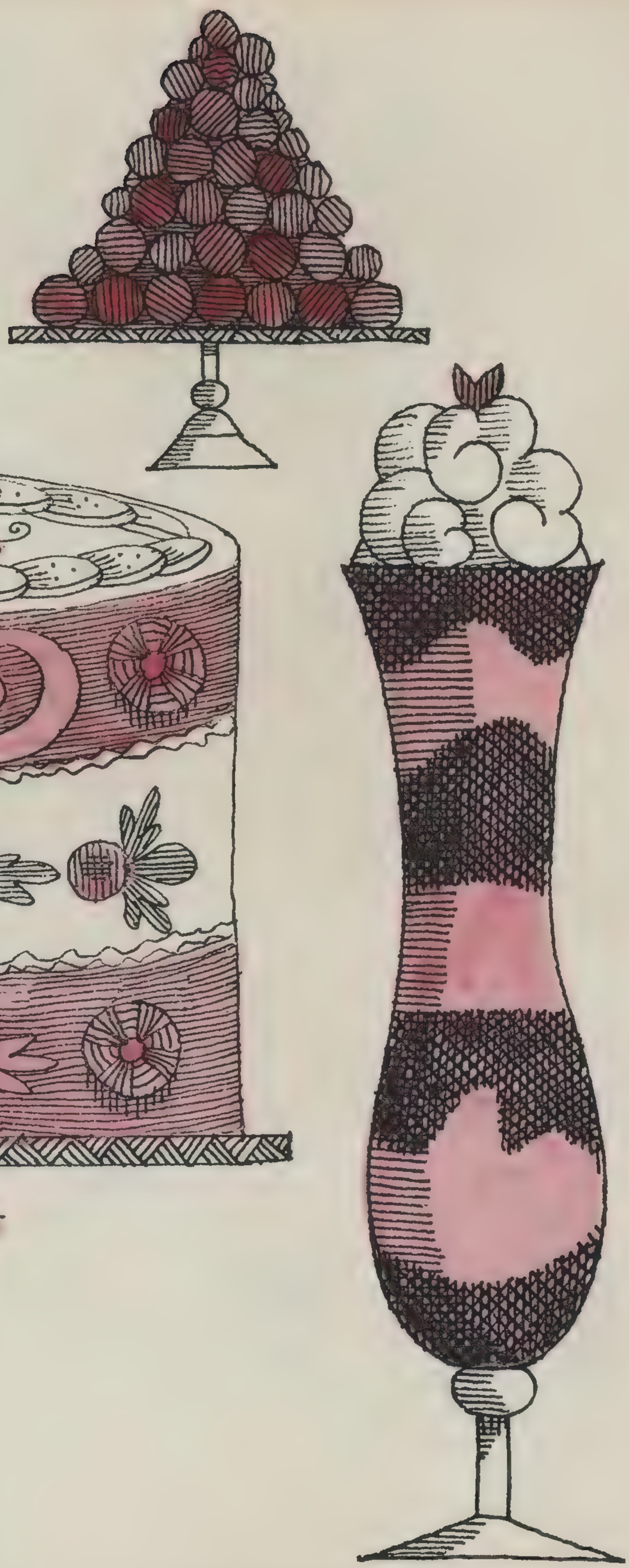


EAT THESE AND GROW SLIM!

by wearing Oblique*, the girdle that does your figure work for you. Once, you couldn't have your cake and keep your figure, too. Now, Oblique, a brand new figure engineering idea by Tru Balance®, gives a girl a little leeway in what she can indulge in. We tried several experiments (all very tasty) and found that even after chateau briand, potatoes au gratin and meringue glace, in the Oblique, most women looked thinner than they ever thought they could. This is because of Oblique's bias cut control (something revolution-

*Patent pending.





ary no other girdle has). Rather than push flesh from one unfortunate place to another, Oblique works on a curve exerting pressure precisely where you need it most. Probably the lightest, most comfortable girdle you've ever owned, Oblique was designed by a posture expert which means you stand taller, straighter, have such grace people will think you've spent hours at the barre. The Oblique, in four styles, is arriving at top stores this minute.

TRU BALANCE®



DESIGNED TO CATCH EVERY EYE!

Luxurious oversized facetted beads (but oh so featherlight) delicately combined with fascinating aurora crystals. A touch of old world charm is Dalsheim's newest creation. Exquisite triple-strand necklace in Plum, Topaz, Sapphire, Emerald, Jet/Bronze, Jet/Aurora, *7.50*. Matching Earrings, *4.00*. New matinee length triple-strand necklace (not shown) *12.50*.

Dalsheim

At fine stores everywhere or write Dalsheim Accessories, Inc., 389 Fifth Avenue, New York/All prices plus fed. tax.

ROMA RED

The following is a list of shops in other cities across the country where the David Crystal suits shown on page 160 may be found.

Aberdeen, S. Dak.....Marie O. Simmons
Akron, Ohio .....Birnbaum's
Alexandria, La.....Weiss & Goldring
Altus, Okla.....Sharon's
Anderson, Ind.....Gates
Ardmore, Okla.....The Daube Co.
Asheville, N. C.....John Carroll
Atlanta, Ga.....Rich's
Atlantic City, N. J.....Homberger's
Baton Rouge, La.....D. H. Holmes
Bay City, Mich.....Mary K. Dress Studio
Bedford, Pa.....Barton's
Bellingham, Wash.....Wahl's
Bessemer, Ala.....Loveman's
Binghamton, N. Y.....Drazen's
Birmingham, Ala. .....Loveman's
Bloomington, Ill.....Paul Anderson
Bridgeton, N. J.....Mary Annarilli
Buffalo, N. Y.....L. L. Berger
Burlington, Iowa.....J. S. Schramm
Cambridge, Mass.....Gertrude Singer
Canton, Ohio.....C. N. Vicary
Carbondale, Ill.....Raymond & Alyce
Charlotte, N. C.....Belk's
Chattanooga, Tenn. .....Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill. .....Bramson's
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Jenny Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.....The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.....Lisbeth Wolfe
Columbus, Ga.....Kirven's
Columbus, Ohio.....F. & R. Lazarus
Cumberland, Md.....Peskin's
Danville, Ill.....Parisian (Oscar Meis)
Danville, Va.....Thalhimer's
Davenport, Iowa
Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
Des Moines, Iowa.....Younker Bros.
Dodge City, Kans.....Eckles Dept. Store
Dubuque, Iowa.....Roshek Bros.
Duluth, Minn.....Arthur A. Silver
Easton, Md.....Bird-Speakman
Elmira, N. Y.....The Gorton Coy
Erie, Pa.....The Halle Bros. Co.
Fayetteville, N. C.. .....The Town Shop
Fort Dodge, Iowa.....Hollywood Style Shop
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.....Burdine's
Fort Wayne, Ind.....Wolf & Dessauer
Glens Falls, N. Y.....Merkel & Gelman
Grand Rapids, Mich.....Wurzburg's
Greensboro, N. C.....Ellis Stone
Harrisburg, Pa.....Bowman's
Hazleton, Pa.....Mary Walker
Holland, Mich.....Jeane's
Huntington, W. Va.....Brown's Apparel
Huntsville, Ala.....Harold's
Indianapolis, Ind.....Wm. H. Block
Jacksonville, Fla.....Levy's
Johnstown, Pa.....Brett's
Kalamazoo, Mich.....Gilmore's
Kansas City, Mo.....Harzfeld's
La Crosse, Wis.....Lottie's Shop
Lake Charles, La.....Riff's
Lansford, Pa.....Brill's
Laurel, Miss.....Naomi McRae
Lexington, Ky.....Stewart Dry Goods
Logan, Utah.....Allen's Ladies Store
Long Beach, Calif.....Schick's
Louisville, Ky.....Stewart Dry Goods
Memphis, Tenn.....Phil A. Halle
Miami, Fla.....Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wis.. .....The Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.....Harold's
Monroe, La.....The Palace
Montgomery, Ala.....Loveman's
Murray, Ky.....The Style Shop
Muskogee, Okla.....Calhoun's
Nashville, Tenn.....Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New Canaan, Conn. .....Cherida
New Haven, Conn.....Fred Phipps
New Orleans, La.....D. H. Holmes
Newport, R. I.....Garzo
Norfolk, Va.....Rice's Fashion Corner
Oklahoma City, Okla.....John A. Brown
Omaha, Nebr.....Nebraska Clothing Co.
Orlando, Fla.....Dickson & Ives
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Broida-Stone & Thomas
Pensacola, Fla.....Bon Marché
Peoria, Ill.....Block & Kuhl
Philadelphia, Pa.....Bonwit Teller
Phoenix, Ariz.....Gerry McNamara
Pittsburgh, Pa. .....Kaufmann's
Ponca City, Okla.....Myrtle French
Portland, Ore.....Nicholas Ungar
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....Up-To-Date Shop
Providence, R. I.....Gladding's
Quincy, Ill.....Roderick P. Miller
Raleigh, N. C.....Adler's
Rapid City, N. Dak.....Baron's
Richmond, Va.....Miller & Rhoads
Ridgewood, N. J.....Jenny Banta
Ridgway, Pa.....Linnea's
Riverside, Calif.....Christensen's
Rochester, N. Y.....B. Forman
St. Joseph, Mo.....Einbender's
St. Louis, Mo.....Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
St. Paul, Minn.....Frank Murphy
Salina, Kans.....Shelton's
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Z. C. M. I.
Savannah, Ga.....Fine's
Schenectady, N. Y.....The Imperial
Scranton, Pa.....Scranton Dry Goods
Sharon, Pa.....Garrick's
Spokane, Wash.....Bon Marché
Summit, N. J.....Miss Nellie
Sumter, S. C.....Schwartz
Syracuse, N. Y.....Flah's
Tallahassee, Fla.....Mae's Shop
Toledo, Ohio.....Rochelle's
Topeka, Kans.....Harry Endlich
Trenton, N. J.....Nevius-Voorhees
Tulsa, Okla.....Vandevers
Valdosta, Ga.....C. C. Varnedoe
Washington, D. C.....Julius Garfinckel
Waukegan, Ill.....Hein's
West Chester, Pa.....Joel Weiss
Westfield, N. J.....Jane Smith
West Palm Beach, Fla.....Burdine's
Wichita, Kans.....Lewin's
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Wooster, Ohio.....Beulah Bechtel
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He can't get you out of his mind when Wind Song whispers your message, for this is the perfume that communicates *you* as nothing else can. Wind Song was created by Prince Matchabelli to *diffuse differently on each woman who wears it. You* are the ingredient that awakens its fragrance to fulfillment. As it warms to the rhythm of your own special pulse beat, Wind Song whispers your own special message. Wherever you go, it leaves a lingering and memorable aftermath—*you.*

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by PRINCE MATCHABELLI

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Portrait in poise: a sophisticated costume with Celanese acetate giving it a subtle luster

LESLIE FAY JACKET-DRESS. Renoir sandcrepe of 100% Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber. Grey, brown or green. Sizes 10-20. About $25. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Famous Barr, St Louis & branches; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. Celanese Fibers Company, New York 16 (a division of Celanese Corporation of America). Celanese®

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In the Islands of

Hawaii



Plan to spend at least two nights on one of the outer islands.

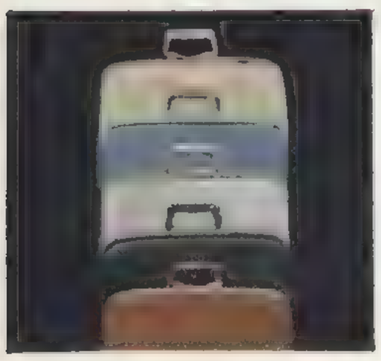
See your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Company, or write HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU, 2051 Kalakaua Ave., Dept.H, Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A. • Offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco

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LADIES' HAT BOX, $20.00 LADIES' 24" PULLMAN, $32.50 LADIES' BEAUTY CASE, $25.00 LADIES' O'NITE, $25.00 LADIES' WARDROBE $40.00

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Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada thru Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ont. Prices slightly higher. Also Makers of Samsonite Folding Furniture.



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DESIGNER COLLECTION

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TOWLE
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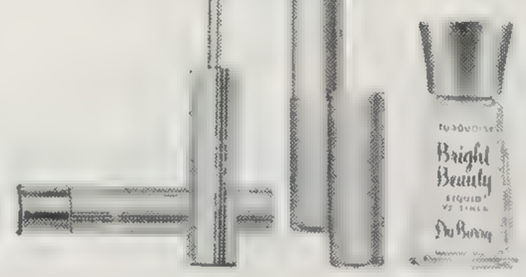




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'FLATTER FLUFF' . . . fabulous feather-fine make-up with a texture all its own. A silken creamy fluff, so light, so luminous, its lovely glow seems part of you. 7 shades from pale pearl to warm intensity. $2.50.





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New fashion in make-up by Du Barry



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Jewels: HARRY WINSTON © 1960 Du Barry

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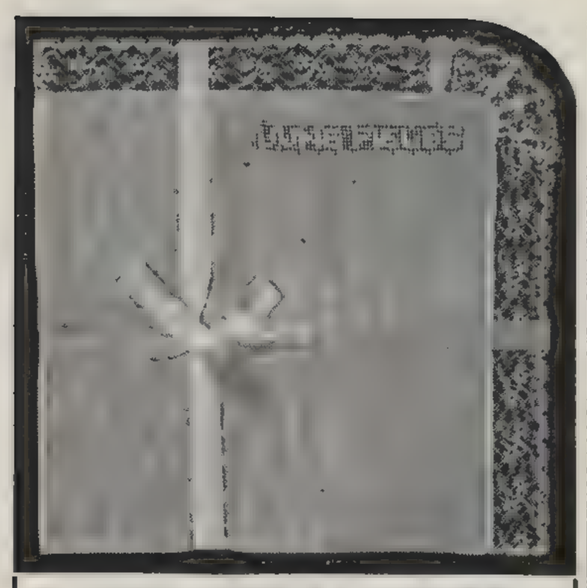
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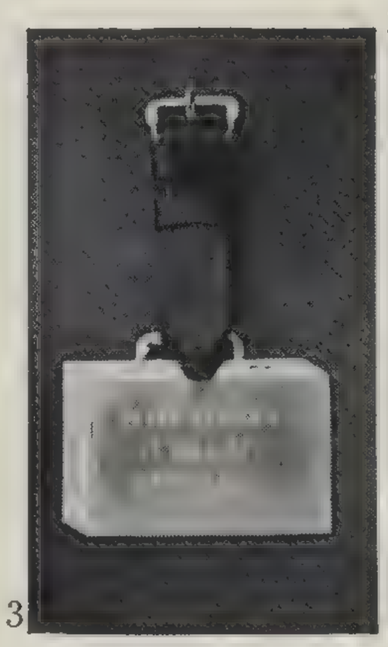
EVELYN MARCIL



1



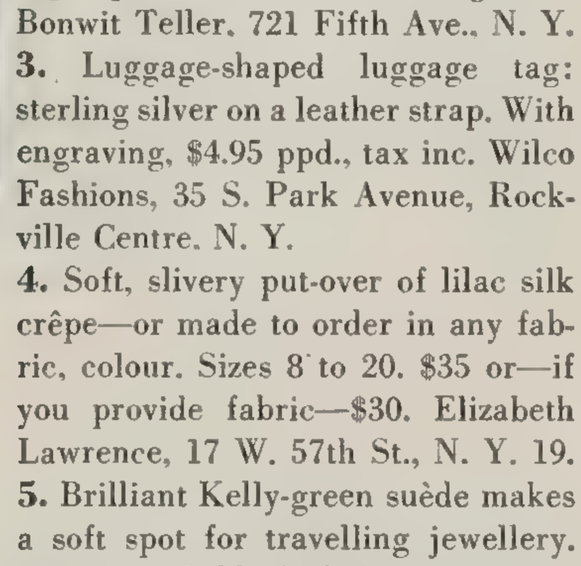
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3



4



5

1. Cinchy sew-it-yourself dress: the kit includes fabric—blue corduroy with pattern inked (non-permanently) on its flip side—and collar of Irish linen. $5.98. Sizes 4, 6. By Lida Brown, at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

2. Green gourd, non-edible, for looking-at pleasure. Ceramic, 6" high; $9. Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

3. Luggage-shaped luggage tag: sterling silver on a leather strap. With engraving, $4.95 ppd., tax inc. Wilco Fashions, 35 S. Park Avenue, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

4. Soft, slivery put-over of lilac silk crêpe—or made to order in any fabric, colour. Sizes 8 to 20. $35 or—if you provide fabric—$30. Elizabeth Lawrence, 17 W. 57th St., N. Y. 19.

5. Brilliant Kelly-green suède makes a soft spot for travelling jewellery. Also in red, black, beige, turquoise. $12.98 ppd., plus tax. Lester Bags, 669 Madison Ave., New York 21.

HOUND

. . . raking in new ideas



6



7

6. Sleek black-dyed Brazilian otter: shawl-collared jacket with round-the-clock potential. $555 tax inc. Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Ave., N. Y. **7.** Games motif: two needle-point designs with centres already worked, backgrounds for you to fill in. Each, 13″ x 13″; kit includes picture frames. $11.95. Alice Maynard, 558 Madison Avenue, New York 22. **8.** From Mexico, a brass paper cutter—a claw clasping pale, translucent amethyst quartz; 6″ long. $19 ppd., tax inc. Phoenix Pan American Shop, 793 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 21. **9.** Hood with bouffant crown: tan, red, black, brown, purple, moss green, Kelly green, royal, peacock blue. $7. By Therese Ahrens, in wool jersey; at Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., N. Y. **10.** If you broke the bank (last year's piggy), here's a replacement: hand-made, hand-decorated pottery in three sizes—this, 8″ x 10″; $2.50 ppd. Fred Leighton, 15 East Eighth St., N. Y. 3.

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED



8



9



10

SHANNON



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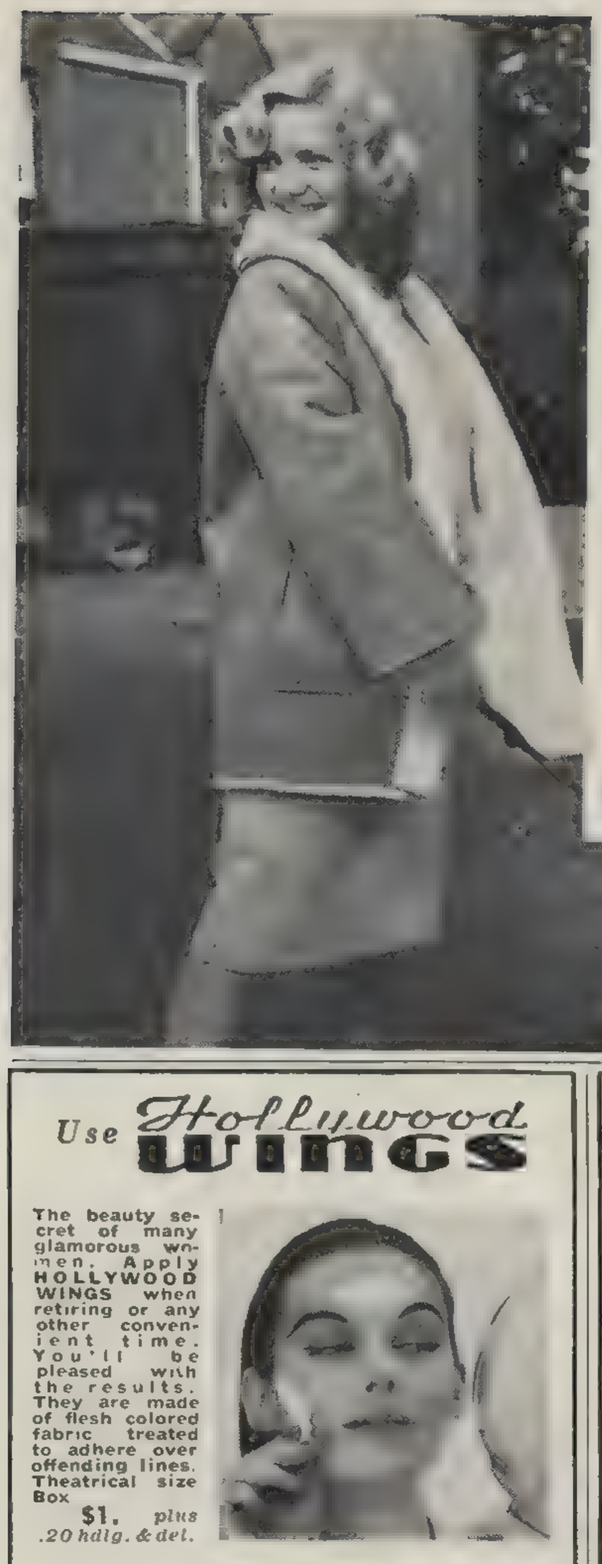
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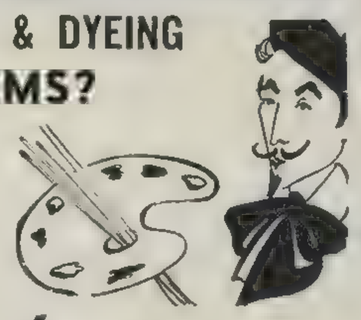


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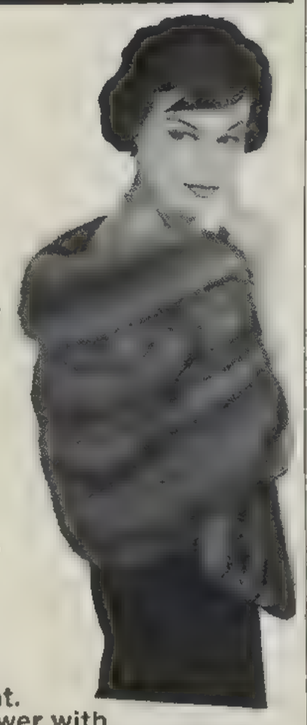
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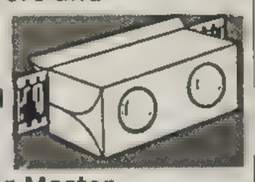
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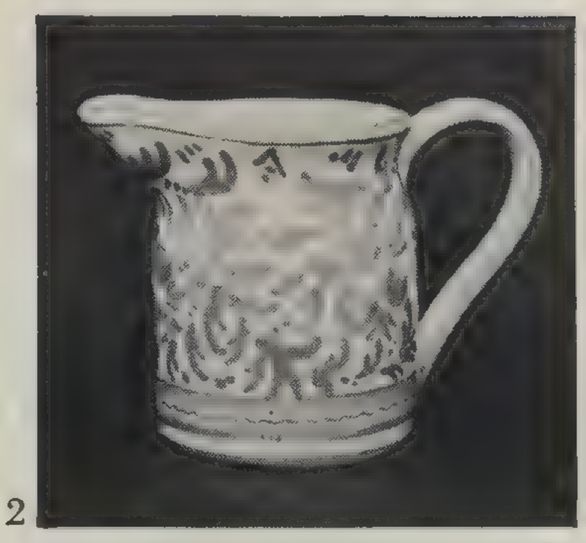
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SHOP



1

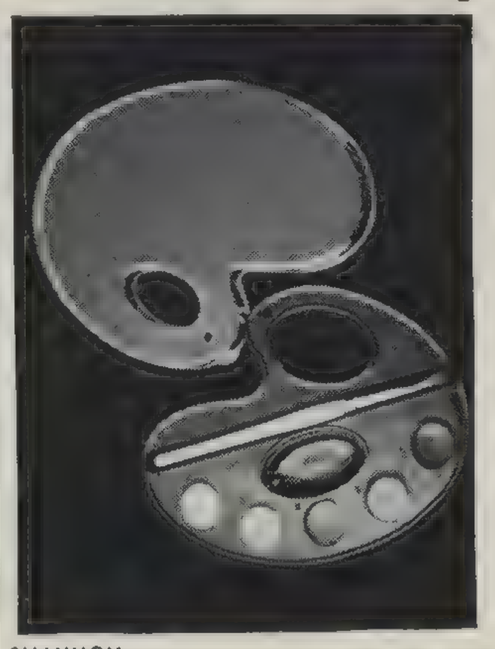




2

1. Interlocking knits: charcoal skirt, jacket, pull-over; off-white pull-over (not shown). By Les Tricots Bess Art of Paris, of merino wool; 8 to 20; 4 pieces, $49.75. Marna Lee, 2914 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. **2.** Amber flowers and leaves, sketched on a white ceramic pitcher. Set of 3, in 3 sizes, $12.25 tax inc., ppd. Henrietta Tischler, 837 Madison Ave., N. Y. **3.** Blend your own lipstick colour: on a plastic palette, a range of reds and a pearly white for highlighting; sable brush. $2.98 ppd. Bleuette, Dept. V-5, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17. **4.** Bud or blossom: flower pin with flexible 14-k. gold petals that can be opened and closed. Centre, ruby or sapphire with diamond. $250 tax inc., ppd. Marchal, 745 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

3



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4

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HOUND

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5



6

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7



8



9

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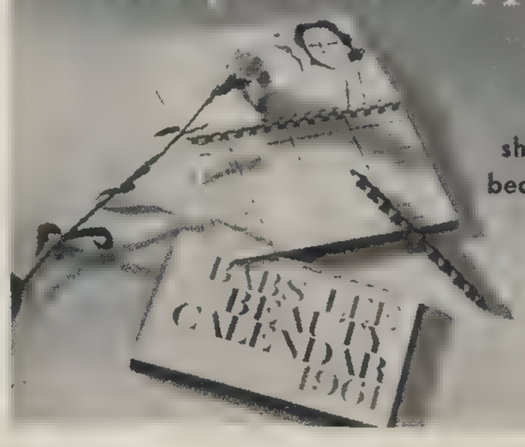
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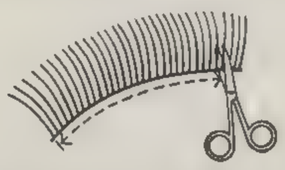
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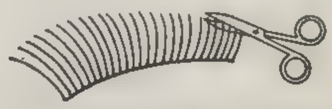
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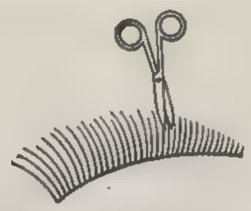
These extra-thick and extra-large size luxurious lashes are hand-woven of real hair!



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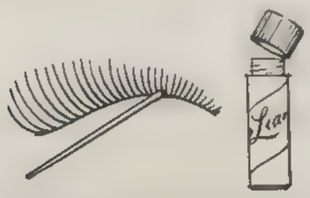
2. TRIM LASHFLIPS. Outer corners longer, tapering inner corners shorter.



3. FRINGE TIPS OF LASHFLIPS—Cut inward from tips, making them uneven just like your own eyelashes.



4. SHAPE LASHFLIPS TO EYES—Bend silken thread to shape of lids, with outer corner tilted upward.



5. APPLY MARCO LIANG SWIM-PROOF ADHESIVE TO LASHFLIPS—Use toothpick to spread adhesive from end to end of silken thread. (Non-sticky adhesive is gentle to skin, easy to remove.)



6. REST LASHFLIPS ON LASHES—Start at inner corner, use eyeliner as a guide; press Lashflips to eyelids. Allow ½ min. to dry. For a doe-eyed look, adhere higher at outside and fill in with liner.

7. Blend Lashflips with brush to mingle with your shorter lashes. Now your eyes look so natural—nobody knows your secret!

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SHOP

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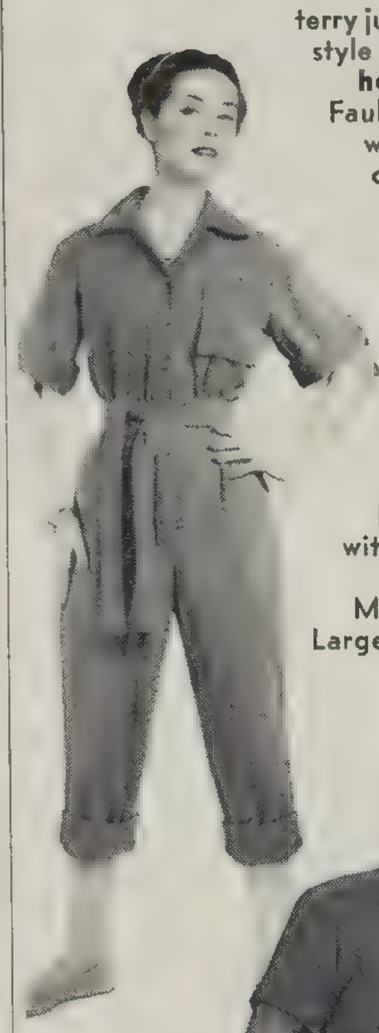
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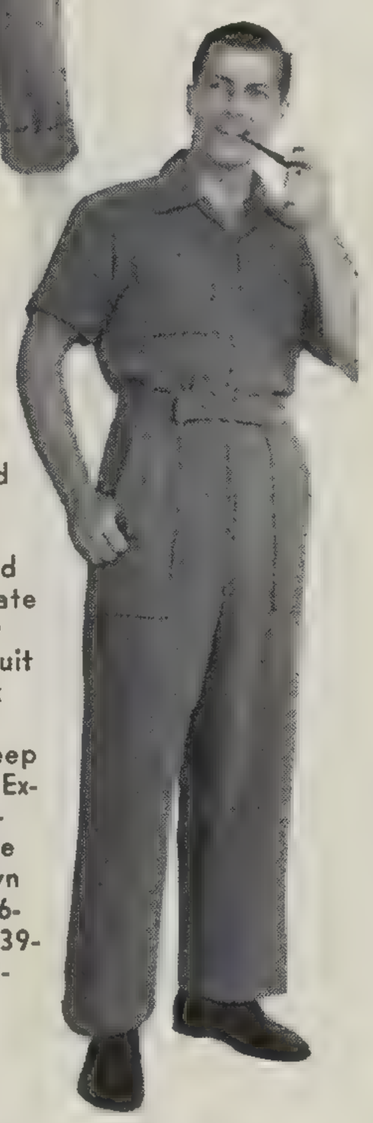
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The Brandywine Saga

BY THOMAS E. DOREMUS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thomas E. Doremus has based this article on his experience with American publishers (to whom he has now refused permission for an edition here) after he wrote* The Brandywine, *his second novel, which will be published in England early in 1961. After World War II Mr. Doremus ferried 650 horses to Poland, worked with the Quakers, and then spent a year as a novice in a Franciscan monastery in the United States. His story, "A Horse with Hay Fever," appeared in Vogue on September 15, 1958.*

Frankly, I am not proud of recently having won a four-year battle to publish a novel over the objections of every major publishing house in this country. I am disgusted and weary to death of the uneven battle that every good novelist faces in this country. My contract for publication (with a British publisher) arrived in August, but to tell you the truth, it came too late. My vindication is bitter and hollow. The sorrows of the delay have rendered me shallow and unproud; I resent my reward.

The four-year unsuccessful negotiations for an American publication have left me in a state of personality damage expressed by extreme torpor and disinterest in anything a British critic can say about me now. I am bent over with disbelief (especially since all the same American publishers who rejected the manuscript, have since come back in interest over the same book) and I am sorry, now, that I bothered to comply with the request for biographical information that accompanied the British contract.

I should have written the truth in that sketch; instead I spoke charmingly of my age, birthplace, background. I indicated that I was of Holland-Dutch ancestry, that I had travelled a good deal, and I mentioned that I was working on another book. The sort of boring, jaunty stuff that seems to be required. I don't know why, but publishers seem to feel their authors should describe themselves in conciliatory terms (as antidote to what the public considers an anti-social way of earning a living in the first place?).

When an author is finished with a book, he's finished with it; he wants it out of the way; he wants it in the past. Otherwise, he's hung-up, and a subtly pervasive scent of failure and incompetence hangs over everything he writes. If I were rich, I would sue all twenty-seven of the Americans for loss of work-time due to the anguish caused by their indecisions and endless delays in pronouncing judgment.

A typical letter of rejection reads: "We have taken six months to give a decision on *The Brandywine* because all of us here recognized its enormous talent, really frightening brilliance (it is macabre, beautiful, witty, a small, brilliant tour-de-force) . . . yet we feel we cannot launch the author with this particular book because. . . ."

Sometimes the publisher said he was too conservative and established for this type of book; it should go to a more experimental publishing house. At other times, he said his house was too new, too much at the beginning of things, to risk the shock of this sort of book.

Mr. Norman Mailer seems to have had similar experiences, though he was already a successful novelist with *The Naked And The Dead,* when he started having run-ins with American publishers over his *Deer Park.* I am a novelist with a relatively unknown first novel, which though it still has a certain *réclame* and a small band of loyal, sturdy rememberers, could hardly have been considered a financial success when it was published. But, as Mr. Mailer points out, writers like myself have long ago made up their minds to hope for very little public acclaim. They have learned to live with their impeccable, tiny reputations.

"Now, Tom," one New York publisher told me, "we'll be

(Continued on page 129)

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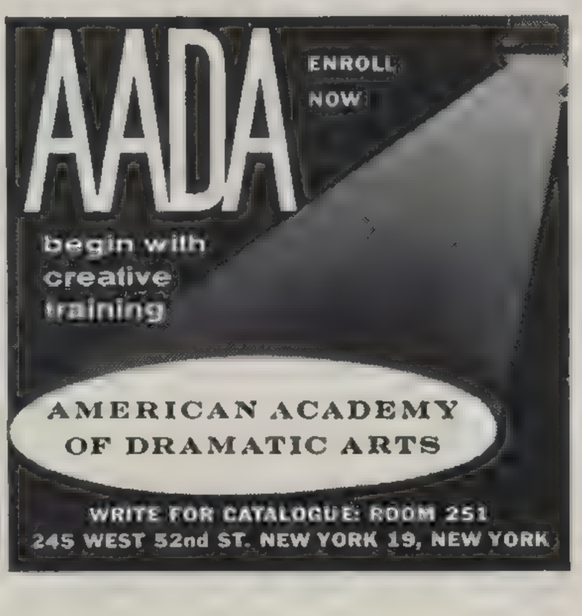


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THE BRANDYWINE SAGA

(Continued from page 126)

around as publishers long after you will," and when I questioned him, did he mean they would exist as publishers longer than my reputation as a writer? No, he simply meant the publishing firm would still be in successful existence after I had completed my life span. Now, that was an interesting argument. Lever Bros. will be around a long time after the inventor of their current product is deceased. A factual statement but one which has very little health in it and absolutely no common sense.

Another, taking a different defensive tack, announced he was not willing to vouch for my personal life after reading *The Brandywine*. Autobiographical, hmm, wasn't it, in part? But surely, I asked, you're not responsible to your readers for the morality of your authors? I found his paternalistic worriment over me, somehow attractive.

Others, scrambling wildly for a position in defence of their judgment, suggested that my age (I am in my middle thirties) was against me. The age factor, as far as I know, has cropped up for the first time in the history of publishing. This is the premise: a talent will mature and be recognized in an author before the age of thirty and if it doesn't look to be healthy, moral, upcoming, financially predictable by that time—then it never will.

Right here would be the place for some gentle questions but I think I am too incredulous to bother with a cross action. "Your need for slander." as the weary victim announced, "is far greater than my need for redress."

I have been told by a friend not to get excited: that Proust was turned down by Gide when the latter was working for the publishing house of Gallimard in Paris. The old boys, it seems, have been up to this sort of suicidal sophistry for some time.

I have some kind words for a couple of editors in this country and I'll get to them in a minute. Meanwhile, I want to congratulate my New York agent who dealt directly with the bulk of the impertinences, the ghastly delays, sold the book in England, and spared me knowledge which in some cases might have led to awkward and untoward rebuttals from my end of the arena. If an author isn't a best-selling one, then he must at least act like a gentleman in dealing with the gentlemen in the trade. and I have to thank my agent for her diplomacy and her sense of humour which. in the end. was all that saved us. especially when, after the first couple of years on, *Brandywine* the manuscript began to look as tattered and shabby as a well-thumbed comic book.

Editors had spilled orange juice on it; they had taken it to the seashore in summer, to the Racquet Club in winter; they had loaned it to their wives, their chauffeurs. Notations on the margin had been pencilled, queries about behaviour in high places had been made, and doubts about spelling. In some cases, where it seemed impossible to get a majority decision, it was given to their salesmen to read, the men who place the orders in the bookstores.

This was always fatal. "LORD, no! I wouldn't touch it! Jesus! Try to get this in Boise, Idaho."

By 1958, we had received one or two intelligent responses from editors which seemed genuinely honest and perturbed. Edward C. Aswell, who has since died, not only praised correctly but asked to interview the author to explain his decision not to publish.

Editors at Simon & Schuster. Viking, Braziller, seemed saddened. rather than truculent in their rejections. And all four of the French publishers to whom it was submitted. wrote back literate un-silly appraisals.

There was a publishing house in Philadelphia I rather liked. They said *Brandywine* was "fascinating, evil, *outré*, utterly unbelievable."

Another editor, having dispensed with the formalities, informed us on a note of confidence and apropos of nothing that he was taking off for Anatolia and the Dalmatian Coast.

None of this would have mattered, if all along I had known I had written a bad book. I knew the book was difficult (it still is) but I knew it wasn't bad. Enough people whose judgment is not dependent upon sales and a desk job,

(Continued on page 131)



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Acapulco, this month

In Acapulco, Mexico, best-known for its hotels in the hills, its winter swimming in brilliant sunshine, the big news this winter is the Pablo Casals Music Festival, December 10 through 20. On the opening night, the great 'cellist, who will be eighty-four in late December, will conduct the première of his two-hour-long oratorio "El Pesebre" (The Manger), a work celebrating the Birth, Death, and Passion of Christ. Also scheduled, a Villa-Lobos evening, in memory of the Brazilian composer. The Festival will be held in the sixteenth-century Spanish fort of San Diego overlooking Acapulco Bay, where Cortés landed and built the fort against pirate invasions. Now, within the thick fortress walls, there is a new shell for the orchestra, and more than three thousand people sit in the open-air courtyard to listen. An earlier attraction at the San Diego Fort will be the Third World Review Film Festival, November 18 through December 6. Each night, a different film chosen from among the prizewinners at all the festivals of Europe and America will be shown.

Among new things for men to do in Acapulco are *jai alai* lessons given by the professionals of this fast and fascinating game. (An hour's private lesson, $1.20.) The first step the player learns is the technique of strapping the foot-long basket on his right arm; the skill is to lace the leather straps with his left hand and tie the square-knot with his teeth. For practice, beginners use a red ball striped with white, somewhat bigger than a tennis ball; the court rules, too, are reminiscent of tennis. The *jai alai* courts, incidentally, are close by the Morning Beach, Caleta, where the waters are seldom rough.

Later on the Acapulco schedule (in 1961), the San Diego-Acapulco Yacht Race, held in odd-numbered years, starts off the second Saturday of January on its fourteen thousand mile course. Some ten days or more later, the yachts cross the finish line in Acapulco, setting off a round of fiestas.

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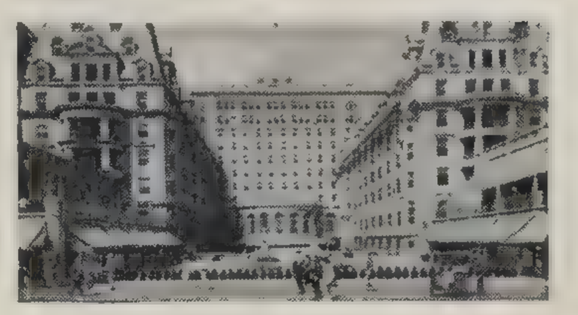


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THE BRANDYWINE SAGA

(Continued from page 129)

had assured us of the book's worth. The problem was simply how to fight the thing through intelligently without giving in to despair. And, of course, how to continue to justify one's existence as a writer in the face of defeat. A book has to be published, somewhere, somehow. It has to go through the recognized, commercial channels. And these channels are, for the most part, incompetent, disorganized, and emasculated by timidity and ignorance.

Hilariously enough, *The Brandywine* stands a rather good chance of being sold on the sensational level, but whether it sells for sensation or not is beside the point. What I am alarmed about is the mediocrity, boredom and witlessness in publishing, that I encounter, and a tendency on the part of editors of books to put themselves at the mind level of their average reader. Publishing (am I not right?) is not there to reflect the common public taste. It is there to be a force, to set a tone, to *Bring Up the Level*, to influence the public. To be the guardian and instigator of taste and values. . . . Why go on? Publishers cannot change. They will go on being stingy, nearsighted, equivocal, and committing enormous tactical follies every year—making money from time to time, by sheer accident. They will go on ignoring all but the jazziest, richest authors on their lists, being kind to the handful of millionaire writers they publish and resenting all the rest as being sheer nuisances—little idiot children who somehow have to be contained within the household.

In the meantime, the novel will be published and will discover a little life for itself in England, and, who knows, may even prove to be enough of a gamin to attract the wary and unsure public (with whom the publishers identify) to its side. Whatever happens, I shall be divorced in spirit from the actual event. The last lines in *Brandywine* are: "and I walked past him out the nail-studded doors into the refereeing night."

I have walked past *The Brandywine*, too, out of its life, having defended it for as long as I can afford. I wish it luck in an impersonal and unbelieving way.

TRAVEL TIPS

from *Colette d'Orsay*



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Germaine Monteil

VOGUE

OCTOBER 1, 1960

Vogue's eye view of a famous calculated risk

The two ladies to the right—one with a wedge for a nose, the other a mask of fearful asymmetry—have only one connection with fashion. Their rags-to-riches past proves that fashions sometimes frighten people—but not for long. When Picasso, in 1907, risked his small but pleasant reputation by this early foray into Cubism, the "Demoiselles d'Avignon" looked like a bad gamble. (Matisse and Leo Stein, galvanised before the huge square canvas, thought perhaps it was an attempt to illustrate the new "fourth dimension.") Actually—though they still rate as "five of the least seductive female nudes in history"—they have endured and prospered, becoming in point of fact not only a key picture of modern painting, but, besides that, popular. . . . No risk this great is suggested in the fashion pages that follow here, no Cubist make-up plan, no plea for restyled noses. The only point we wish to make is this: Taking a calculated risk in fashion may rouse in some women a throb of apprehension. Ignore it. It pays to experiment.



RIGHT-HAND SECTION OF
"LES DEMOISELLES D'AVIGNON"
REPRODUCED WITH THE PERMISSION
OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

THE CALCULATED RISKS IN FASHION ...WHEN TO TAKE ONE

In fashion the way of the transgressor may not be so hard after all. It may mean fashion pioneering of the most exhilarating kind, stimulating and satisfying as turning up a small steady oil well or finding that Aunt Agatha's portrait is an early Sargent. Somewhere between the clothes limits of "safe" and "far too daring" lies good fashion ground where women with a spark of conviction calculate when an obvious risk looks so much like a good thing that it ought to be tried. . . . Clearly, most women will want a base of "established" fashion in their wardrobes—classics, naturals, whatever. (Some splendid creatures with substantial sums of money to unleash at will may very well want a percentage of almost too daring clothes.) What we're concerned with here is the 1960 woman whose life works out on a basis that makes fashion sense for more than one short season. Our word to her is: don't limit all your clothes-life by that rule; don't overlook the pleasures of the calculated risks. Some of the best places to invest fashion capital right now follow here:

Accent—to add fashion to clothes. And by accent we mean jewels, which have never been so far from muted, so triumphantly untimid. Necklaces are long and dangling, often multi-coloured, slightly Turkish-looking, with whopping pendants or tassels. Or they may be huge beads of brilliant silk thread to wear with serpentine strands of rhinestones. "Big pin" means now something bigger than you'll think until you try one of the new ones with a favourite suit—especially if the suit happens to have a Dior turtle-necked dickey or sweater. As for earrings—wear them big and wear them with a bare neck. . . . Or if you wear no jewels at all, have a fur hat and gloves as beautifully emphatic as they are with the pink suit to the right.

Van Dongen eyes—for these the investment is small, the results anything from stupendous to disastrous. In Paris and New York there are women who feel undressed and incomplete without the new eye make-up; others modify it or reserve it for evening; and still others go on feebly resisting everything but a dash of eyebrow pencil. (This latter contingent better save its calculated risks for some as yet unplotted mutual fund plan for fashion investors.) The new eye directive goes this way: brown or lilac shadow covering the upper lid eyebrow-high; a soft smudge of shadow below the lower lid; mascara and pencil as usual. Incidentally, pastel lips make the most of these eyes. *(Continued on page 206)*

Dior's "Flash"—the raspberry suit: For the young and ready, the long of leg, this vivid wool suit, right, with its burst of colour and baby-balloon skirt could show big fashion dividends. Point is, if it's for you, have it soon and wear it with a fur hat and high frequency—a badge of courage and pleasure. Imported by and copied for Saks Fifth Avenue. Wide-open eye colour: navy blue by Juliette Marglen—to brush on with water.



Roma red –
colour with
new go

A clear, vigorous colour stirring with the present excitement of Italy, Roma red is shown here for the first time in the new Ford Sunliner convertible (left) and Galaxie sedan (right). In Rome's Piazza del Campidoglio, two of Italy's distinguished young beauties, Donna Ines Thedoli and Donna Myrta Riario Sforza, posed for this picture – where once the Caesars drove, too, in triumphal processions, their faces painted a bright red in honour of Jupiter. The young suits here, left, by Fontana; right by Gattinoni. For more information about these fashions in Roma red, and the shops where they can be found in America, see page 160

WILLIAM KLEIN

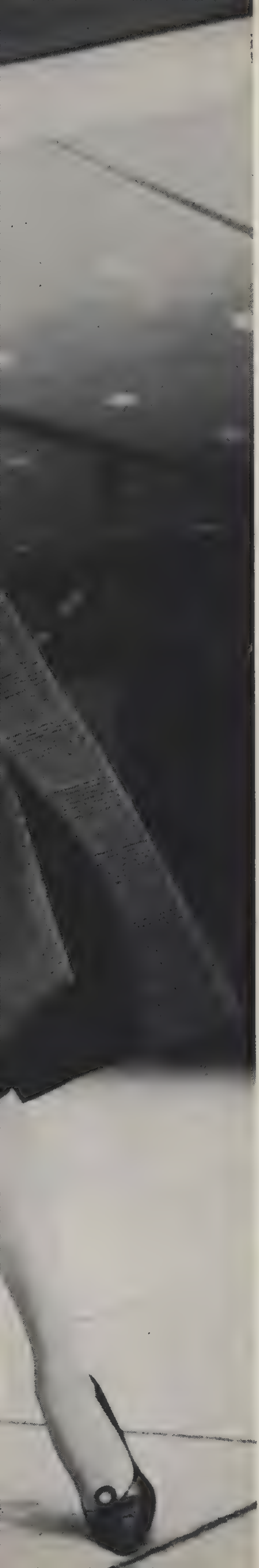


FUR HATS STARRING NEW MAKE-UP IDEAS

There are hats that find a face—and there are hats that lose a face, but we won't even talk about those. Not when there are so many marvellous face-finders about, especially the big blatantly becoming fur puffs, for instance these two: *left*, a sable orb edged in velvet; *right*, white mink swooped up with white satin. They star the face, sleekly, commandingly—leaving no excuse for dim, sissy make-up. What's needed is the smouldering eye, *left*, dusky with burnished green shadows and prominently lined with sable brown pencil. Nothing wishy-washy about the lipstick either; it's well-staged and lustrous, Revlon's Berry Bon Bon, a new sweet red pinked for fashion. The jewellery: big, brilliant earrings; one enormous pin sparking a matelassé suit. *Left, more details:* The hat, dark natural Russian sable by Halston, made-to-order at Bergdorf Goodman—make-up there, too. Van Cleef & Arpels jewels. *Right, more details:* White globe of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mutation mink. By Halston, made-to-order at Bergdorf Goodman. Platinum, diamond jewellery: Van Cleef & Arpels.

KAREN RADKAI





GETTING NEW FASHION-POWER OUT OF A COAT

Attention, all owners of knitted dresses, of tweed dresses, of deep purple suits: this is the coat that will strike the zing-chord with them every time, grey Glen plaid with cape-largesse. N.B.—the shaggy opossum beret accounts for a large part of the glory, here.

If you're planning to sink every last coat-dollar into a single all-purpose coat this year, our immediate, unhesitating, and categorical advice to you is: don't do it. In the first place, all-purpose coats (we won't pretend they don't exist; they do, in vast dreary numbers) are, by definition, bland neutral jacks-of-all-trades, notable mainly for what they lack—to wit, character. And when coats with character abound in fashion as they do right now, why settle for less, is the point. Or one point. Let's assume, instead, that the one-coat wardrobe you have in mind is nothing like the nonentity we've described; is, in fact, staunch with character, as fraught with dash as the coat at left. So? It still won't wash, and here's why: even if a coat—an absolute knockout of a coat—were to survive the rigours of being all the calories in a woman's coat-diet, we've yet to see the woman who could survive the day-in day-out monotony of such a diet (you don't, after all, have to be a sturgeon to realize that caviar on a steady basis can become as boring as gruel). One season and out is the probable fate of the coat that's an only coat. Which seems to us the very height of extravagance, especially when the hard facts of present-day coat-life offer such an attractive alternative. These are the facts, and facing up to them is step one in getting new fashion-power out of a coat: all the coats in this issue of Vogue—and, come to that, any coat worth its fashion-salt—have frankly selective personalities. They do not get on chummily with every dress or suit around (the power of the deer-stalking swash of plaid at left, for instance, would be frittered over little-nothing silks; but, put the long-stemmed, sabled black coat on page 143 on exactly this kind of silky régime—and it thrives). Coats of *(Continued, page 143)*

Left: Simply, a sensational coat—charcoal-grey Glen plaid with a cape's swagger and glove-top sleeves. The city is its beat, and its undercoat-life can be narrow or wide but let it be colourful—slender knitted dresses in bright red or curry, or vivid tweeds would work beautifully here. And a suit in a clear, young purple would be delicious. The coat—it's shown twice here, and why not?—is by Ben Zuckerman, of wool plaid. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Customcraft shoes. Opossum great-beret by Walter Florell.

KAREN RADKAI





Is there a long-stemmed dress in your clothes-life? If you've an eye for what's new and terrific in fashion there is, and this follows: a coat in the same soft and willowy vein. Two city versions here, for two times of day. (What slips underneath needn't, of course, be the very same shape, but it must be fairly slim.)

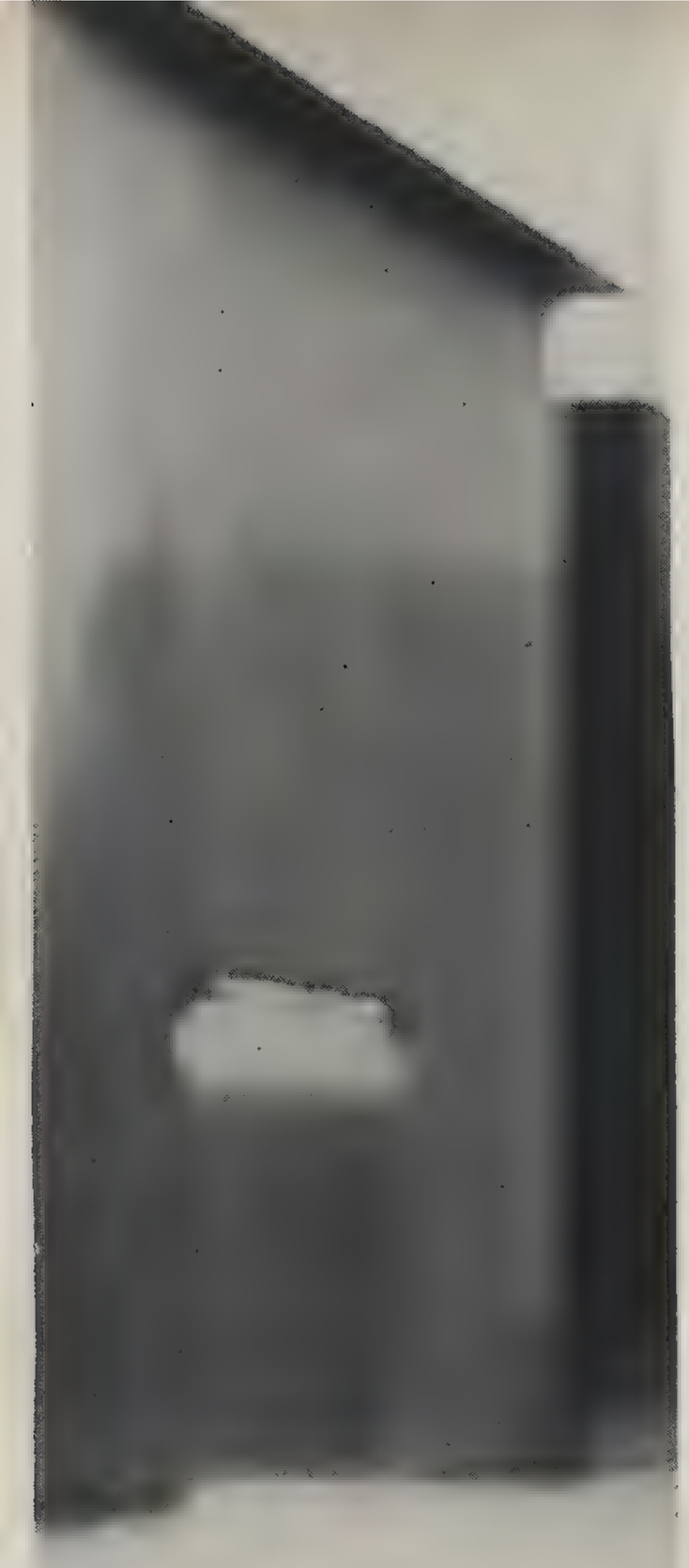
character make limited undercoat-engagements only—and make the most of them. A straight run of spectacularly good looks is what they deliver, not a smattering of indifferent ones. Are we advocating more than one coat per woman? You can bet your bottom coat-dollar we are. Note: we do not suggest that you storm the shops and acquire two or three coats at a swoop; presumably you've a comfortable coat-edge to start with. And that, we'd expand—as follows: If your major coat purchase last season was a Good Black Coat, now is the time to think in terms of tweed—the red-and-green plaid next page will do things for daily wools and jerseys that are simply not within the Black-Coat power; the roomy side-fastened plaid on page 145 would work this line of country equally well and is, incidentally, extremely accommodating in the way of suits—in fact, if you've a culotte suit on your shopping list, you might jot this coat down right next to it. If there's been an absence of fur in your coat-life, this is the season to remedy that. It needn't, of course, be *all* fur (though in the face of such extreme temptation as the opossum on page 146, resistance tends to melt); it might—if you've a gamut of narrow tweeds and knitted dresses to play this year—be the tied vicuña on page 147, the one with huge fisher collar. Or, if the tweed-coat part of your wardrobe is already nicely accounted for, look left and to the fur-cuffed black coat on page 144, where the timing is later, and a silk dress is of the essence. Just possibly, you're the one woman in a hundred whose coat-life is everything it should be; you don't really *need* a coat, but it would be immensely satisfying to splurge on something not particularly necessary, just thoroughly delicious. Our good word for you: page 144—where antelope and fisher are setting a new record for dash.

Far left: City coat with a long-stem torso, in red-and-green plaid. It's new, it's young, it's knockout. And we'd engage it this way: with black jersey dresses of equal stemminess; with red jersey, green jersey; or pale beige wool. As for a middy dress of winter-navy tweed—bull's eye. Coat, by Dan Millstein, of Anglo wool tweed; about $125. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wm. H. Block; I. Magnin. Shoes by Naturalizer. Walter Florell's heady mink beret. *Directly left:* The Good Black Coat, with October, 1960 implicit in its gentle torso line, and a deep dark mink collar. The time is late-day, and the undercoat affinities couldn't be clearer—simple little silk dresses, and thin wools that behave in the same manner. Coat, by Murray Nieman of Anglo wool. At Altman's; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's. Lucille handbag. Newton Elkin shoes. Walter Florell cloche.

KAREN RADKAI







X-rayed, these coats might reveal the following dress ideas. Inside the black-with-sable coat, we see black or brown silk. For the antelope coat, good wool dresses, in bright or leathery colours. Under the plaid: room for suits, sweaters, tweedy skirts, culottes.

Three categories of coat here, each set to fill, deliciously, a different time-place-dress slot; the ultimate choice determined by where the blanks in your clothes-life lie this year.

Far left: City coat for lunch-through-dinner, even small evenings. Black wool velours, up to its elbows in Russian baum marten, with news about its shaping—a collarless top and slightly gathered skirt attached just about at the waist. Practically required by law here: a fur hat—the one shown, a twisted sable turban. Coat by Trigère (who has also made a superb black wool dress that might go under it). At Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. Andrew Geller shoes.

Left: Coat where fisher and antelope play, beautifully, in a marvellous second-coat idea for town or country when some extra dash is called for. This, of chocolate-bar-brown antelope suède, deeply wrapped and tied, with a full notchy collar of brown fisher. Coat by Marquise. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. Coat and hat at Saks Fifth Avenue. The coat also at Halle Bros.

Right: Coat that considers the city-country-travel idea all in a day's work. Brown and black plaid wool with round collar, fullness through the body, and two big new Paris-marks—side closing, big patch pockets. All told, a French smock look that's young, negotiable with casual clothes. About $185. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Cloche by Mr. Arnold.

KAREN RADKAI





Sub-coat survey here—wrapped inside the red coat could be just about anything, knitted suit to black silk dress (at this moment, taupe wool jersey). In the opossum coat, a heathery violet tweed suit now, a country jersey programmed later. In the vicuña is a knitted tweed dress.

Farthest left: A sweeping cover-all kind of coat of deep red mohair—an excellent choice for the woman who feels that daytime situations should fit a one-coat system. She may lead the best of her life after six and feel, quite rightly, that that's where her coat-plan ought to have variety. The mohair's wide shawl collar can be piled high to the chin or allowed to fall in a big V. By Glenhunt, of Scotch mohair fabric; about $215. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Mink and velvet cloche: Mr. Arnold. *Centre:* Opossum—a fur that's polling new popularity ratings now, and adding new zing to the fur-coat world. The skins here, worked horizontally, full-lengthily, in a coat with width, squarish collar, and a way of looking wonderful over almost anything, in town or out. By Sidney Lambert, of natural Australian opossum; Lucille handbag. Tall toque by Christian Dior-New York. All: Lord & Taylor. Coat also: Stanley Korshak. Andrew Geller shoes. *Near left:* Another of the good-for-the-soul kind of coats that might not work well as an only coat, but makes an exciting second lead in any coat life. Vicuña, in its naturally-beautiful colour, with bathrobe belt, wide sleeves, a waist-deep collar of Canadian fisher. By Originala. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Lucille handbag. Globe hat by Mr. Arnold.

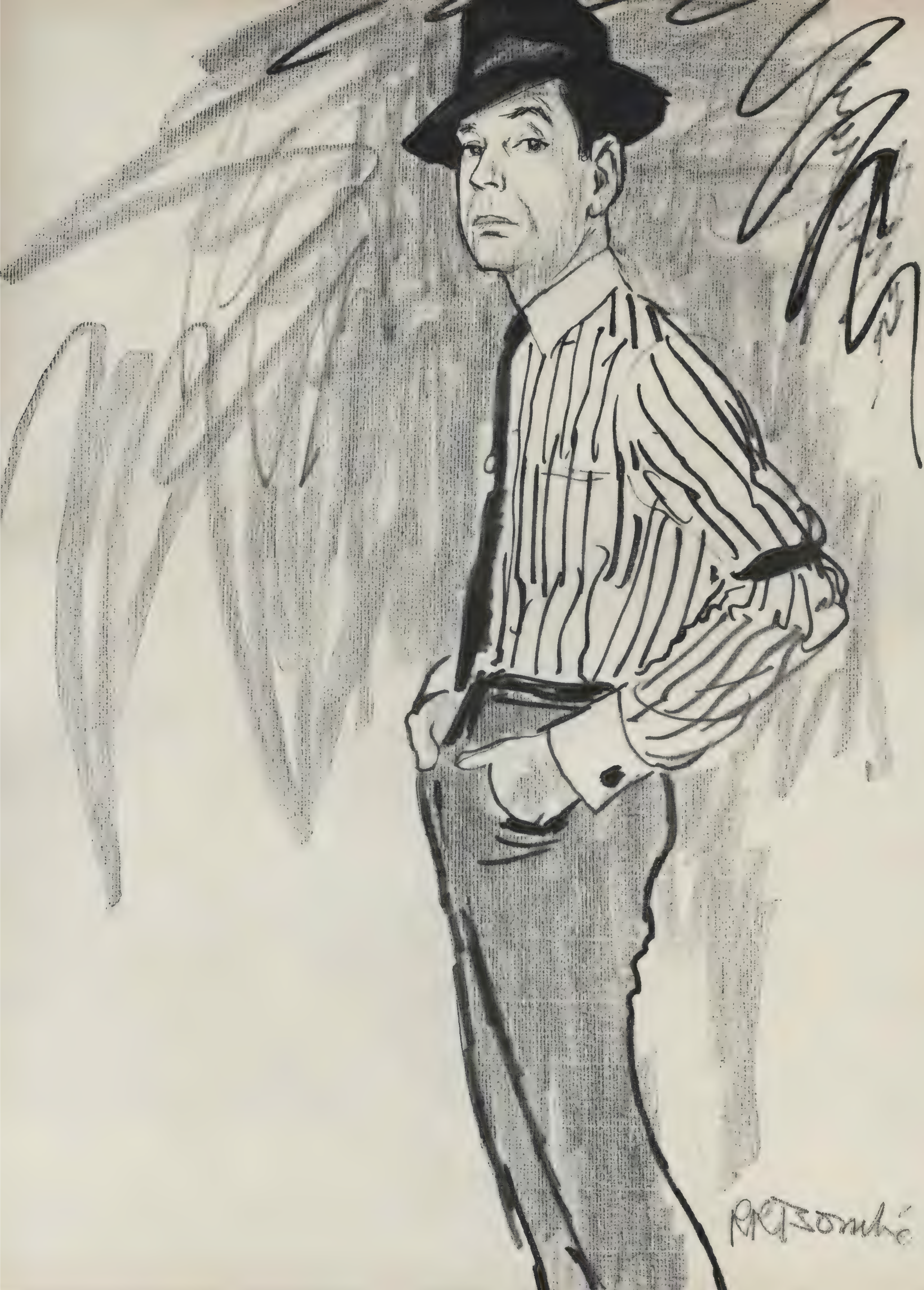
KAREN RADKAI



The dress in the fox-lined coat: made of the same coat fabric, taupe wool boucle. Soft-toned wool jerseys can apply here too, as well as sweaters, skirts. As for the seal coat, we can hardly think of a thing that wouldn't go, except for big evening dresses.

Left: Costume-making coat that doesn't pretend to be all-purpose, but does have this purpose; to fulfill its own kind of assignments magnificently—these being day, late-day, and restaurant appearances. Taupe wool boucle, three-quarter length, with an abundant collar and lining of Saga Norwegian blue fox (a fur so flattering it would take a fox to think of it). Coat, and the dress of the same fabric, by Marquise. Tall beaver felt hat: Christian Dior-New York. Both, Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume also at Jenny's. *Right:* Alaska fur seal coat that could be the mainstay of a coat collection, with anywhere all-day qualifications. This, a roomy coat, gently fitted, with low collar, double buttons, a warm brown silkiness. By B. Weinstein, of Fouke-dyed Matara Alaska fur seal. Christian Dior-New York hat.

KAREN RADKAI



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Presidential campaigns tightening, intensifying, to the point where every accident, every chance remark, every headline from abroad, takes on the kind of supercharged importance that seldom shows up in the vote. . . . *Ceremony In Lone Tree,* a brilliant novel by Wright Morris about what it means to be a Westerner, unable to extricate the reality of the past from the myth of manifest destiny: "There in Lone Tree the future still hung in balance . . . something to be crossed, a stage in a journey, with the gold fields the great good place at the end. Lone Tree, like the *Spirit of St. Louis,* was up there in the wild blue yonder, the cuckoo-land between the end of your dreams and wherever you are from."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Black Book,* Lawrence Durrell's steamy first novel, written before the Alexandria quartet but just now published. An undisciplined, vapourous fog of words ("Is this amusia, aphasia, agraphia, alexia, abulia? It is life."), most of them obsessed with mortality, the book is nevertheless a fascinating study of Durrell's prose tools, just before they were sharpened. . . . The theory, recently advanced by a wine expert in Paris' *Le Monde,* that red wine is too warm, now that rooms are warmer, at room temperature.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The young delight in "Silents, Please," a television rehash of the voiceless movies of the twenties, proving that the lure of such golden girls and boys as Clara Bow, William Boyd (twenty years pre-Hopalong), Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and the Gishes was not, after all, so ephemeral. . . . The way everyone hums the song from *Never on Sunday,* a haunting tune, with a thin plaintiveness impossible to catch without a *bouzouki,* a hybrid Greek lute; with the song, wherever there are Greeks, goes *chassapiko,* a finger-snapping dance. . . . The word for famous wives who dwell upon their famous husbands: husband-droppers.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The effective triple play in RCA Victor's Soria Series, which wraps music, art, and history in one package; Sir Thomas Beecham's great recording of Handel's *Messiah,* for example, comes with a book mixing superb colour plates of paintings by Dürer, Van Eyck, and others, with engravings of Handel's house, even of Handel's will. . . . Those signs all over the Yankee Stadium Club: "Gentlemen must remove their hats." *(Continued on page 152)*

YVES MONTAND, a year ago, came into New York with an offhand, absolutely on-target one-man show, *An Evening with Yves Montand.* He sang, danced a little, and, by the end of each performance, had the audience in total, collapsed, happy thrall. Montand—who had been practising the same devastation for years in France—was instantly a Property. What makes Montand hot, both abroad and here, is something special: the uncomplicated, slightly beat-up look of a man who works the water front, the direct, peculiar elegance of somebody who's been around a long, long time. Like his wife, Simone Signoret, Montand has something more than presence. Singing, dancing, or playing straight, he gives a thorough, painstaking, intelligent performance; he is, in brief, a pro. (Although he has made some seventeen films abroad, only three have been imported: *Wages of Fear, Witches of Salem,* and, due this month, *Where the Hot Wind Blows.*) This year, Hollywood threw Montand three of its plummiest rôles—more or less throwing him away in *Let's Make Love* (that he survives, charmingly, is proof of the Montand power); casting him as Ingrid Bergman's lover in *Time on Her Hands* (based on Françoise Sagan's *Aimez-vous Brahms . . .*); and, surprisingly, giving him the Popeye Vitelli rôle, opposite Lee Remick's Temple Drake, in a fresh make of William Faulkner's *Sanctuary.* For Vogue, René Bouché sketched Montand the way he looks in *Sanctuary*—as the tawdry, cool, lizard-eyed, bootlegging, small-time con man—called Candy in the film—who takes Temple Drake from the corn crib to Memphis.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT *continued*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Honor Tracy's new novel, *A Number of Things,* a lovely, light, deadly spoof of life among the English in the Caribbean; its hero is a bemused young man sent out from London as correspondent for a progressive magazine, a typical issue of which includes a letter to the editor "setting forth, with a quiet dignity more effective than any recrimination, how white hooligans had broken into an African's flat at four in the morning and wrecked his juke-box." . . . Broadway's new Wednesday-night curtain time, seven-thirty, a pleasure for those with trains to the suburbs.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The beat and delivery, the lucid charm in Eileen Farrell's surprising jazz record, *I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues!,* extracting the last bit of roadhouse-rain-and-warm-gin sentiment out of such numbers as "Blues in the Night," "Ten Cents a Dance," and "September Song." . . . Mooseburgers, one item among the esoterica in Bess A. Cleveland's *Alaskan Cookbook,* which exposes the secrets of sourdough, "a good furniture polish," and several Russian recipes—a sharp reminder that the United States is technically only two-and-a-half miles from the U.S.S.R.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The New York Philharmonic remaining this year at Carnegie Hall—now all white and gold inside, rather like one of those wonderful Middle European, middle-of-the-nineteenth-century opera houses. . . . This small advertisement in the London *Times:* "Manufacturers who are anxious to test a new product have so far been unable to locate an experienced young lady acrobat specializing in horizontal handstands from a rigid pole at some height." . . . *Therefore Be Bold,* an often funny, sometimes harsh novel by Herbert Gold, whose fast-and-loose rhetoric turns a story about growing up during the late thirties in Cleveland into an exploration of innocence; his characters grow up but never out of the age when "we still expected enormous victories with each new day. We wakened to imminent mastery . . . I kept a pad and pencil by my bed in order to break the sacred bank of inspiration and scrawl the greatest poem ever written on any subject . . . (Coldfooting around for scribbler's tools, I didn't want to awaken the folks. 'It's only me, Ma, writing *Paradise Regained.*')"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The boom in little magazines, with about two-hundred-and-fifty of them around, four times as many as there were during the twenties. . . . Trevor Howard in the murderous, maudlin ("I'm not loved here because I'm low") drinking scenes in the movie *Sons and Lovers,* with Wendy Hiller bitterly convincing as the wife who remembers how handsome he was when he was young. . . . In Munich, now, the hundred-and-fiftieth *Oktoberfest,* that cheerful fortnight with horse races, several million gallons of beer, and a sobering-up tent. . . . The madness in Japan for *dakko chans,* small, winking, black dolls that people stand in line all night to buy.

JUDY HOLLIDAY, a smart attractive charmer whose acting is all warm intelligent wit, was photographed for Vogue by Roddy McDowall, no mean hand himself at charm. The photographer (amateur) will appear on Broadway later this fall as Mordred, King Arthur's son, in the musical *Camelot;* the subject, as Laurette Taylor—the great actress whose every performance was suffused with love—in *Laurette.* (Here, she is dressed as Laurette Taylor in *Peg o' My Heart.*) Twenty years ago, Judy Holliday was a plump, dark-haired teen-ager clowning around New York with Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and two other funny faces. ("You've got a smart little revue," they were told by one night-club owner. "Maybe too smart. I understand it. I will go so far as to say I like it. But will my customers understand it?") Fourteen years ago, thinner, prettier, and blond, she was called to Philadelphia to replace Jean Arthur in a play due to open in New York three days later. That play came in on schedule, and suddenly a lot of people thought that Judy Holliday—as the touchy, raucous, indefatigable Billie Dawn in *Born Yesterday*—was the funniest girl in town. She has been, in everything between that first revue and *Bells Are Ringing,* a comedienne, and a superb one. This fall, she will appear for the first time in a rôle not in the least comic. Built upon Marguerite Courtney's biography of her late mother, *Laurette* opens with the death of Miss Taylor's husband, the playwright J. Hartley Manners, sees her through the ten-year wake she kept, and closes on her 1939 triumph as the gallant, porkpie-hatted Mrs. Midget in *Outward Bound.* In flashbacks, Miss Holliday portrays Laurette Taylor as young as fifteen. The day before rehearsals began she said about her part: "It'll be like playing Russian roulette with every chamber in the revolver loaded. I don't have a fighting chance." Nobody agrees.

RODDY MCDOWALL





Cardin's contemporary sense

No poacher on the past, Cardin gave all his clothes the current look of this grey flannel suit with its off-centre opening and its uncorny use of scallops. The helmet, a unique Cardin projection into fashion space. This suit is in America at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Dior's knitted headlines

They read this way—a seaman's cap pomponed and snuggled down into a giant turtle-neck dickey, both of knitted wool. These were worn with dresses and suits, the dickey often clutched by a big jewel. Hat copy knitted of Orlon Sayelle; at Altman's; Marshall Field; Dayton's; and I. Magnin.





Coat power—news within limits

Selective is the way coat-thinking runs now: not will-it-work-with-everything (the coat committed to that kind of generalization only succeeds in looking overworked and underprivileged), but will-it-work-with-your-kind-of-fashion—and turn out a smashing look every time.

Left: Brown-and-black checked day coat with the news of a deep sea-otter collar, the surprise of being slim *and* double-breasted. With this degree of throwaway elegance, undercoat plans go as follows: narrow knitted dresses; tweed dresses, equally slender; and—this seems to us a delicious idea—a slice-of-jersey dress, watermelon pink. Wool tweed coat, by Ben Zuckerman. Gloves by Superb. Lipstick: Peace Rose, by Elizabeth Arden. All at Bonwit Teller. Coat also at Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin.

Right: Bright purple column of a coat with some undercoat-limits—and fairly spectacular rewards for the woman who's willing to recognize them. For instance, really full skirts won't work here, and suit jackets will not sit well. But here's the other side of the coin: this coat over thin wool dresses or little-nothing silks—garnet pinks, pale blues, browns, deep greens. The hat that puts the look across in every case: a great furry one, lit with enormous dazzly earrings. Woollen coat, by Monte-Sano & Pruzan. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Lipstick: Germaine Monteil's Starlight, at Bergdorf Goodman. Gold and diamond jewels on both pages, from Cartier. Hats by Sally Victor.

SANTÉ FORLANO





"Love in search of words"

A story by
ROBERT FONTAINE

His father was away at the theatre all day and when he came home Roger was usually in bed. The boy's mother was busy and had not too much time to spend with him. He learned, in time, to live with himself, to wander through the wonder of his own heart and mind, and if the territory into which he ventured was fuzzy and confusing, nevertheless he adventured.

One of the things that excited and puzzled him when he was eleven or twelve or so, was the music of his father. His father played mostly in a theatre, but on occasion he played in a symphony orchestra, now conducting, now occupying the first violin chair.

Roger was not allowed to go to the theatre because its worldliness was supposed to be corrupting or, at least, extremely tempting. He was, however, permitted to listen to his father at concerts. This he enjoyed to a certain extent, not because the music was so satisfying to his ear, but because he could connect it with the sheets of paper he had often come across in his father's room.

He loved the sight of the black and white notes, crossing, patterning, dancing, entwining on the paper like the intricate lace in his Irish mother's curtains.

These sheets with their hard, impersonal markings he connected with his father's playing at concerts, but he did not think the concerts were the complete story. There was more to the printed notes, he was sure. The orchestra and his father missed something, something that was suggested by the precision of the patterns on the paper as if those patterns were a code not to what string or what valve the orchestra used, but to something far beyond that and far beyond the capacity of even musical instruments.

If he looked at the music and the notes made an arch, he felt that somewhere, through that arch, was a land wherein the secret lay. If the notes, rising and falling in contrary motion, formed a diamond, for instance, that diamond was a window through which, if he had the sharpness of sight, he could see the world for which he longed, although for what reason he longed, he did not know.

One day when he changed to the new school he went by the grey stone convent. The face of the convent was set flush with the sidewalk. It was very odd, he thought, that there were no steps, no walk, no entrance, just the large wooden doors set between the rough grey stone.

The sidewalk in front of the convent was strange because it was eternally shaded by enormous trees with branches spread out so they brushed against the upper windows, and beneath all was darkness and quiet.

After the convent itself came the long, long, grey stone wall, ten or twelve feet high, the wall that enclosed a forest two blocks square and in the heart of the city. It was wonderful and mysterious to Roger that in the midst of the clanging and buzzing city there should be set this walled forest, impenetrable, dark, and filled with magic. It was like the part in himself that was deep and contained, and not at all like the rest of him that sang and danced and read books and politely answered questions.

It was only a few days after he had begun to pass the convent on his way to and from school that he heard the music. It was not clear music the way his father and the orchestra played it, nor *(Continued on page 214)*

Bubble-quick make-up

Left: The make-up in a fizz of
bubbles here has some of their spontaneous
glow but endures hours and hours longer.
A liquid, cunningly devised
to work as both base and powder, it
slides on in one quick operation,
screening out what-ought-to-be-screened-out
and pleasantly enhancing the skin's
natural liveliness. The name
of this tube-contained froth is
"Sheer Genius"; by Max Factor.
Meant for bright lights
and bubbles of the champagne
persuasion: the sequinned cap
by Adolfo of Emme. Both, at Altman's.
Make-up also at J. W. Robinson.

More Roma red colour go— in the U.S.A.





Swapping yarns is an old fashion story with new volubility this year between Italian and U.S. designers. Evidence these knitted beauties, both with new Roma red colour go; both copies of the Italian originals on pages 136-137. *Left:* Fontana's easy-suit decision, a collarless, lengthier jacket with a new drop of shoulders. Copy by David Crystal, of Italian knitted ribbed wool jersey, silk-lined, about $90. *Right:* Gattinoni's suit opinion in Roma red; buttonless jacket over a pink satin blouse that matches the jacket lining; straight skirt. Copy by David Crystal, of Italian knitted wool jersey, about $110. Both suits at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. For shops in other cities see page 108.

More French suit ideas— in the U.S.A.

Two worldly little suits, arrested for their charms in the dazzling autumn traffic between Paris and the U.S.—these copied here in French wools. *Left:* Givenchy's Oriental suit manner—narrow little mandarin jacket, slightly flared at the hip line; double-breasted; dropped-shouldered. Copied in America by Frechtel, of grey French wool, about $185, at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. *Right:* Givenchy's black-suit *sympathique,* here a gracefully severe little suit with this romance—two big grosgrain bows across the double-breasted front. Copy by Frechtel, of black French wool, about $190, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.





Little flickering dresses after six

Here, four engaging, shimmery dresses to flare up blue and green amid the late-day blacks—either your own or all those you meet at parties. These are unquenchable when it comes to jewels, surprisingly look best in a downpour of glowing stones and brushed gold, faked or real.
Above: Brilliant blue silk brocade dress with a cowl tossed down the back; the skirt full and bell-shaped. By Lee Claire, about $90.
Left: A contemporary nymph-in-the-olive-grove look here, in a dusky green silk chiffon. By Lee Claire, about $70. Both dresses: Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz.



These two silken charmers have a wind-in-the-willowy way about them, slender and yielding. They too can take a strong drenching of jewels. *Right:* Dark sapphire-blue silk alpaca, a thin sliver of allure with a little string of silk about the waist. By Mr. Mortette, about $35, of Maxwell fabric, made in junior sizes. *Below:* Another flickering of a dress, this glowing green in silk alpaca, with its own sash. By Mr. Mortette, about $35, of Maxwell fabric in junior sizes. Both dresses at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin.

What if you were

Among the distinguishing stigmata of Our Time is the proliferation of soothing-syrup literature. It sells like crazy.

All this published paregoric deals with the same subject: the means by which modern man can live with—"adjust to" is the preferred term—the pressures of the twentieth century. In this Every Other Man's Library, which guarantees more perfect adjustment than a pride of chiropractors, the key word—the great leveller—is "pressures." All God's chillun got 'em, be it the executive vice-president and father, Miltowned to the teeth, who can't make it home for the father-son banquet, or the exurban housewife who is going to die if she has to operate for one more day a shuttle service between the station, the school, the dentist, the supermarket, the veterinary, the service station, the country club, and the hairdresser.

There are pressures within and pressures without, and, between the two, man supposedly is operating today under a head of steam that would stun James Watt and power any engine the Scot ever perfected. Pressure has its own semantics. We talk knowingly of pressure chambers, tanks, tunnels, valves, tubes, suits, and cookers. We decry the pressures to conform, reform, perform and, if one is on the other side of the Iron Curtain, inform. There is, to reverse the process, even decompression for sand hogs. And pressurized planes for high fliers. Something for everyone in the pressure department.

There is an obvious conviction in the United States that pressure or pressures on the individual are something new, an extra added ingredient of the twentieth century to try men's souls and test their liver and lights. Most of us vaguely identify these pressures with the scientific complexity and the stunning multifariousness of our century, not to mention traffic conditions, the servant problem, ICBMs, Johnny's inability to parse, and his twelve-year-old sister's going steady.

If such an intimation of uniqueness is any comfort to modern man (generic), let him clutch his Linus blanket undisturbed. I shall not destroy it or bore him with the ancient status of "pressure" as a symbol of man's inner and outer burdens, but only refer him to his Oxford English Dictionary.

There is no denying, however, that our twentieth-century pressures have an individuality all their own. They stem largely from a society that is over-wrought because it is over-organized, from a society that has even managed to strait-jacket something once so amorphous and spontaneous as sand-lot baseball. We sophisticates laugh knowingly at the Organization Man while we continue being one. Novels starring the Organization Man have informed the public of his intolerable pressures in a dog-eat-dog atmosphere. And other novels featuring the urban, suburban, and exurban scenes have shown the heroine in the same fight, femalewise.

What, after all, are the pressures we attribute to Our Life and Hard Times in this century but the accumulated steam of work and duties voluntarily or involuntarily assumed by the individual? Some pressures are eternal such as the obligations of love, the goad of ambition, the necessity of eating, the longing for approval, the race with the Joneses, the striving for security, the reach for happiness, and the search for self.

New pressures just grow, like Topsy, when no one is looking, or thinking, either. That accounts for the pressure on the suburban housewife that transforms her into a chauffeur, a fund-raiser, and a gumshoe in the school system. Or the pressures on a junior-high-school girl to be a blue-jeaned belle. Or the pressures on a fifth-grade kid to pitch a no-hitter to land his team in the Little League finals.

It is at this point that I venture to introduce Robb's Primary Law on Pressures: man withstands pressure in direct ratio to his pleasure in whatever produces the pressure in the first place. In short, if man enjoys what he is doing, he can operate comfortably and happily with many times more steam in his boiler than the sad sack who goes a grudging way through life. The moral, to steal a title from Harry Golden, is to "Enjoy, enjoy."

My wound-stripes earned in a lifetime spent in the newspaper profession entitle me to speak with authority on pressure. Reporting is hardly anything else but pressure. Pressure is the occupational hazard occasioned by eternally working against a deadline. There is even a worse pressure-posture, or thirty-third-degree angle, "working under the deadline."

Reporters, especially on a fast-breaking story, work almost constantly against a deadline, that precise minute when the copy or story must be on the city editor's desk to make the first, third, or seventh edition and thus prevent the city editor from going into orbit. A raging lion in the street is as a tame cat compared to a copyless editor at edition time.

To work under a deadline, with the story breaking a mile a minute and edition time approaching at the same speed, means pressure mounting, mounting. The reporter flails away at his story with a relay of copy boys rushing each paragraph or "take" to the city desk the second it is torn from the typewriter.

It is meeting the deadline under a full head of steam that separates the men from the boys, the women from the girls, in the newspaper profession. The individual who can't make the deadline can't cut the mustard in the city room,

BY INEZ ROBB

free from pressure?

either, and he is soon on his way.

Since most newspapermen would rather be newspapermen than Gable, Getty, and Elvis rolled into one, they thrive on their particular pressures. In the matter of longevity, they compare favourably with bankers. The incidence of ulcers is slightly less among them than among brokers, jockeys, and municipal judges.

Nor does work necessarily suffer from the forced draft under which it is produced. Some of the best newspaper writing in the history of the profession has been turned out literally under the wire. Take the late Mike Berger's classic story of the fearful Camden massacre, for which he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1950. Berger's superb 4,000-word reconstruction of the slaughter of thirteen persons by a crazed war veteran in Camden, N. J., on September 7, 1949, was completed just as the first edition of his paper, *The New York Times*, went to press. Not so much as a comma of the story, as Berger wrote it, had to be changed.

Performance under pressure is neither shoddy nor second rate if one is a professional who likes his work, whether the end product is a pumpkin pie, funds for a new hospital, or an atom bomb. The United States poured tremendous pressure on the scientific fraternity during World War II. Against pressures it achieved the most awesome feat of the century: the first nuclear chain reaction. Francis Scott Key did not write "The Star Spangled Banner" in a book-lined study free of outside distractions. When Archimedes in his bath cried "Eureka!" at discovery of a means to weigh the gold content of the crown of Hiero II (and thus establish a prime scientific law), he was under considerable pressure from Hiero II to fish or cut bait. The pressures of hot war, cold war, and age can not still Winston Churchill's pen.

We of the twentieth century speak enviously of the eighteenth-century man, the Universal Man, who knew, saw, and savoured all. We like to believe that he mastered the disciplines of a pressureless world which had not yet grown so confusingly diverse and specialized as ours. At least, we make this latter assumption when we picture the tumultuous eighteenth century as a snug and leisurely cocoon. Yet surely Voltaire was no stranger to pressures, nor yet the one indisputable Universal Man, Benjamin Franklin, produced by this nation in that century.

It is impossible to imagine that Franklin regarded his century as cosy, peaceable, and devoid of pressures as he distinguished himself in the services of his country, science, philosophy, literature, business, charity, and gallantry. The secret of the Universal Man, I wager, was not in the relatively compact body of world knowledge in the eighteenth century, but in the delight with which the Universal Man explored his world and conquered so many fields of knowledge. Franklin's universal curiosity, his pleasure in intellectual pursuits, and his *joie de vivre* must have made tolerable even the final pressures of the Constitutional Convention when this ailing octogenarian acted as peacemaker among the contending factions of that great assemblage.

Still, pressure is pressure. Man, even in love with its causes, can stand only so much of it. There is an old saw to the effect that man is his own best physician. So an intelligent adult should be able to gauge his own pressure load. All pressure cookers have a safety valve. Man's safety valve may not be automatic, but he ought to learn his blowing point and turn the damper down from time to time. Even slight variations in pressure make clearly observable, in the laboratory, changes between the boiling point and the melting point of materials. Man ought to know his own boiling point, whether high or low. But who wants to melt? It's messy and frequently permanent. As Harry S. Truman once said "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." We ought to know how much heat we can tolerate.

Fortunately, most of us in this untidy century are geared to both the heat and the pressures. There is even a growing body of proof that without our pressures we quickly go to pot. Medicine and science are increasingly concerned with the century's newest problem child, the man or woman voluntarily or involuntarily retired from the pressures of his daily job.

Retirement, even with ample income, isn't all beer and pretzels. To many persons, it means unhappiness, loss of purpose, and a feeling of uselessness that leads to vegetation. Too often the will to live decays. All pressures, all purpose gone, the individual simply turns up his toes. And then there is another obituary that includes, among the once vital statistics, the intelligence that John or Mary Doe was retired only two years ago after forty years with the Twaddle Outrigger Corporation. ("Retirement plan, fringe benefits second to none.")

When this century entered into its second half, an imposing array of industrialists, psychiatrists, social workers, and assorted crystal-gazers agreed that one of the most urgent problems Modern Man must face and conquer in the future is creative use of the general leisure envisioned in a four- or even a three-day work week. In short, there was wide concern over ways and means to keep man alive and kicking in a world of diminishing material pressures or, if peace should break out, of greatly relaxed mental and emotional pressures. There must be some program, the *(Continued on page 218)*

Masks of the



In Switzerland–
still-used masks,
neither African nor
Pacific Primitive

MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

BY HERBERT KUBLY

Suddenly, one Sunday early in July, word came from the north that the sun was shining, so my guide and I set out for the valley of the masks. My strange pursuit had begun in winter in Zurich's Rietberg Museum where I saw some wooden masks collected by Baron Edward von der Heydt. Fantastically painted and finished with goat's and horse's hair the Swiss masks were more haunting than some of the primitive African ones in the same rooms.

In the spring, quite by coincidence, I rented a house, on the shores of Lago Maggiore, which was owned by that same Baron who collected the Zurich masks. He told me the wooden faces were carved in the cantons of Grisons and Valais by peasants who wore them during the carnival season. The ones I found particularly awesome had been from the Lötschental, one of the highest and most archaic valleys in Switzerland. When I told the Baron I planned to go there he advised, "Try to find a laughing mask. They are rare and most valued."

It was storming in the North and we had to wait a fortnight on Maggiore's steaming shores for the rains to cease behind the Alps. My guide, Willy Hofstetter, a nineteen-year-old student from Zug, was jolly and bright, with a round puckish face. He had come to me by way of his aunt, Lisi Hofstetter, who was my neighbour and who now packed two rucksacks with emergency food rations—chocolate, powdered milk, cheeses, and also first-aid equipment—and harnessed us to the sacks like donkeys. Lötschental bread, she warned us, would be stone hard.

We started from Locarno on the Centovalli train, a hairbreadth Toonerville Trolley which wound perilously along precipices and squeezed through canyons so narrow we plucked bluebells from the mountain sides in passing. It required three railroad transfers and two border crossings to get us to the foot of the Lötschental. We had climbed three hours by train and now we began climbing by foot.

An icy gust blew out of the short tunnel which was the gateway to the valley. In a niche inside, in a bower of fresh flowers, was a Madonna and above her, carved in stone, we read, "*Wanderer grüss Uns, Ich segne Dich*" (Wanderer greet us, I bless you).

On the other side we were blinded by mirrors of glaciers and snow peaks and deafened by the thundering of the Lonza River below. We met festive young men, and golden-braided girls, glowing pink from the briskness, carrying their Sunday trophies of Alpine roses. "*Grüss' Gott,*" they said to us, "Greet God." A hilariously drunken little man had sense enough to cling with his hands to the right side of the road; if he had wandered to the left he could have been plunged into the foaming white river gorge. "The wine must be good in the valley," said Willy. "Let's hurry."

Since it was the end of the day we were alone going up. We passed through the first town, Ferden, a tight cluster of log huts built of larch, the only trees growing at that altitude, burned brown by the sun. The town had a ripe gamy odour which came from piles of fermenting manure crowded between houses. Manure is wealth which a Lötschentaler hoards like gold. His status is measured by the height of the heap outside his door.

Willy explained that the stone crypts dug into the side of the road were shelters from the dangerous avalanches of winter and spring. There are summer hazards too. I saw a smallish snake in the road and, to my regret, called it to Willy's attention. He identified it as a poisonous viper and carefully put it into one of Aunt Lisi's plastic cheese containers and into his rucksack to take home to Zug.

Another mile and we were in Kippel, the central town of the valley. The low profile of dark buildings was broken by a gracefully spired church and the large barn-like Hotel Lötschenberg. On the streeets, we met more men than women. Willy said that young women were up in the Alpine pastures where they cared for the cattle from June 30 to September 15. In horseless Lötschental women, rather than men, do the heavy labour. There were no fat people and few tall ones. Everyone walked with long fast steps, head down, shoulders forward, buttocks following, the body bent from burdens, the shuffling shoes never far from the earth. Even children had this characteristic lope. They were not children at all, but smileless miniature adults, beasts of burden from their first steps. Childhood does not exist in Lötschental.

I asked two grave hand-holding little girls to take us to the house of their Prior to whom I had a letter. They led us through several tight alleys, pointed to a door and ran off. I rang the bell and it was answered by the Prior himself. He was a tall, thin old man with flowing white hair and a lean sculptured face that was itself like a mask, benign and beautiful. In his furled black frock he appeared to be levitating from the floor like an old saint in an El Greco "Assumption."

The Prior, whose name was John Siegen, served us tea. We had bread, butter, thick honey, a bottle of white wine, and a plate of apples. The tea was excellent and the bread, indeed, was tooth-breaking, so we followed the Prior's example of pouring wine into the tea and dunking the honeyed bread. The old man told us he had risen that morning for a five-thirty Mass in Kippel, then *(Continued on page 204)*



These terrifying, haired, wooden masks, worn at Carnival time

NEWS KNITTED IN ITALY

That fashion vivacity the Italian designers knit so well, this year was in good part purled one, two—in fact, more times than ever before—of Orlon, just swarms of it in beautiful, brazen colours. Here, two little daytimers with the easiest-tempered shapes. **Simonetta's new needlework,** far left, a rough stitch that looks like crochet, in a cornflower-blue dress, with sleeves ending in rows of knitted bracelets. **Veneziani's relaxed line,** left, in two parts here, an overblouse and gathered skirt, both with willow grace, in yarn the colour of greengages. Both dresses, in America at Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin.

WILLIAM KLEIN



The undercoat dress—as Grès does it

Four dresses, jersey or jersey-ish, with soft shapes that slip easily into coats, and emerge confidently out of them. All four and the coat designed by Grès, copied in America for Saks Fifth Avenue.
Opposite page: Undercoat dress in operation—pale-beige wool jersey, V-necked to the leather belt, with a chin-high dickey. Undercoat sleeves: short, slightly wide. Dress about $55. Shown here, and again below, top left, on this page, a beige wool coat with cape fullness, brown facings. About $185.
Below, top right: Grey wool jersey undercoat dress, classic enough to give a coat its head about shape and colour. Here, the famous Grès fluidity in the soft fullness, the curving waist. About $55.
Lower left: Sweatery dress for undercoat day-life; pearl-grey Angora jersey with high underjewel neck, small sleeves, two round pockets on the straight skirt. About $55.
Lower right: Late-day undercoating—a black crêpe dress with high neck, no sleeves, more Grès sculpture in the back-wrapped skirt. About $65. Coat, copied by Seymour Fox, of Anglo wool fleece. All dresses, copied by Abe Schrader. Also at Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Frederick & Nelson. For shops in other cities see page 211.

SANTÉ FORLANO











The fashion
for
spotted fur—
with
fur added

MRS. CRAIG MITCHELL, a brown-haired beauty with a tall, race-horse slenderness, in a magnificent fur coat for town—spotted fur on one side, very dark mink on the other; it can be worn either side out with equal elegance. Further news—the three-quarter length. Of Umpa natural dark ranch mink, Somali leopard; a Capucci design for David.



MRS. PETER GIMBEL'S pale, ethereal beauty is dramatically set off by this new crossing of colours and textures in fur—spotted fur, plus long-haired red fox. She wears a three-quarter length coat of African leopard, deeply collared and faced in Russian natural red fox; dashing in town or in a sports car. Saks Fifth Avenue.



Long on dazzle: dresses, earrings

Brilliant night-looks with one purpose in life: to make their wearers as devastating as possible. The dresses here, long, subtly covered, extravagantly flattering, to wear with a fireworks display of earrings—these, also long, and dazzling. *Left:* Black velvet that knows what it can do for a woman, and does it—via a severe high neck, beautiful shaping, a short train. The belt: wide black satin. By Philip Hulitar, in velvet of Celanese acetate and rayon; the jewellery by Eisenberg. All at Henri Bendel. Dress also, Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's. Hair, shaped by Coiffures Americana. *Right:* Chiffon spectacular, filmed in two layers, black over green, with the shimmer of deep forestry shadings. The effect, plainly superb; the only *un*-coveredness, a deep V-back. Dress of silk chiffon, by Scaasi who also designed the earrings. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress also at Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. The lipstick: Chiffon Red, by Helena Rubinstein.





the bright new ways of the short evening dress

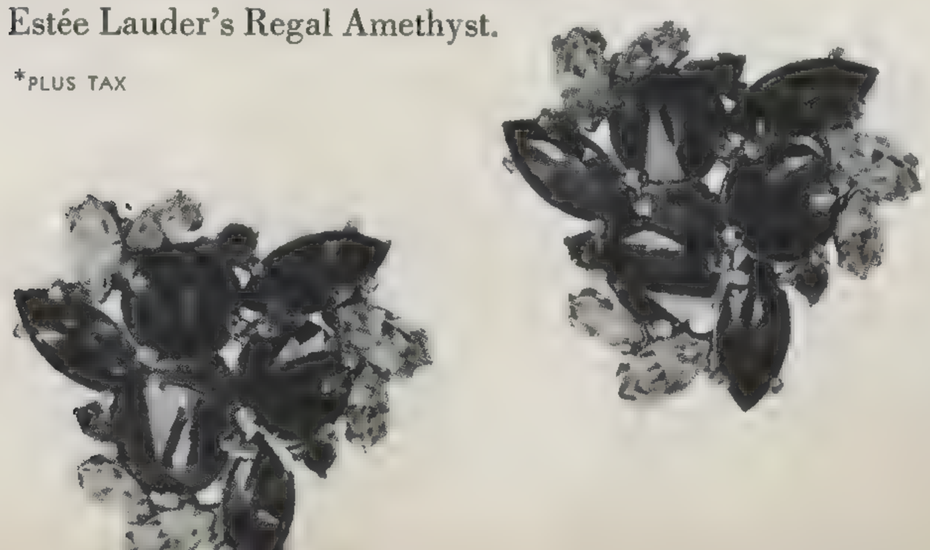
SCHATZBERG





Almost anywhere is where these easy silks go after six; they're the little-black-dress in radiant guise—with radiant depths of jewelling. *Facing page:* Pale, water-green silk, its gentle, non-fitted fit very new. By Trigère, of Italian peau de soie; brilliant Trigère earrings. Pale fawn stockings by Schiaparelli. All at Bonwit Teller. Dress also at Hutzler's; I. Magnin. *Above:* Apricot sheath, slim but meltingly soft. By Maria Krum, of Swiss silk satin, about $190; at Lord & Taylor; Blum's, Chicago; I. Magnin. Magnified jewellery by Eisenberg. *Left:* Long-stemmed raspberry red dress. By Hannah Troy, of William Rose silk satin, about $125. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Exaggerated glitter for the underplayed dress: grey and crystal stones—new prism-cut. By Schiaparelli: earrings (below), $13*; pin (facing page), $23*. These and the Eisenberg jewellery: Bergdorf Goodman. Lipsticks, Estée Lauder's Regal Amethyst.

*PLUS TAX





Glitter with glitter—new evening topping

This special, spangly shimmer points two fashion maxims: the covered up evening dress has never been more in; and even though it's glitter-topped, a flash of jewels may well go off in the earring and bracelet zones.
Left: Jet-spangled lace and Burgundy velvet—an evening dress as tailored as a sweater and skirt, yet meant for the greatest galas of the year. By Samuel Winston (velvet skirt, of Celanese acetate and rayon). Red reprise: Revlon's Berry Bon Bon lipstick. Both, at Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Famous-Barr; Sakowitz. Satin opera pumps repeating the black, by Gamins, at Andrew Geller. Harry Winston diamonds.
Right: Glimmer in the chiffon life—a jet-beaded jacket polishing a long float-of-black-chiffon dress that has spaghetti straps and a wide black satin midriff. The dress of silk chiffon by Rosalie Macrini; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros.; Al Rosenthal.

KAZAN



Sweater-y looks for glittered evenings

Two examples, here, of a new kind of evening dress that's increasingly of the times: the dress with a sweater-y look—though it may not contain a stitch of knitting (these don't). What it has, aside from obvious charm, is a wonderful sort of chameleon quality—long and glittery enough for a really big party, it manages to look easy and not too overpowering for a smaller one.

Left: Black evening dress with these enchantments—a sleeveless, sweater-y over-top banded in sequins; a long slither of skirt, slightly swung to the back. Over-top of silk chiffon with sequinned bands; dress of Celanese acetate and rayon crêpe; both fabrics by Onondaga. Costume, by Kasper, about $145; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelet—a glitter of jet and rhinestones—by Albert Weiss.

Right: White evening dress, slender as a column, with glitter at the top—this, a little camisole, silvered with white bugle beads. By Gothé, in Chardon-Marché crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon. At Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; Sakowitz. I. Miller shoes.





the click of knitting— it's a fashion natural

What's knitted? Everything in sight here is. And since what's in sight on these four pages are day looks, late-day, even later looks, city and not-so-city looks, we feel safe as houses about this generalization: if it's knitted or if it looks knitted, it's as genuine a coin of the American fashion-realm as separates-dressing or basic black. The dress at left, as good as money in the bank (even better in some ways, if you ask us, since we can't imagine it out of circulation for a minute). Covered, lean, purple—and you know about purple this year—it's shown here with a late-day burst of tulle, clumps of glitter, long skinny gloves. Knitted wool dress: Marberni By Lawrence; about $45. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson. Mr. John hat.

Evening black, left, that could get by on looks alone, but doesn't: knitted dresses, for instance, are famous for looking just this way—uncrushed and fraught with composure—moments after they've emerged from suitcases. By Korrigan-Lesur of knitted wool; about $50 at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. No explanations go with the dress at right; it's what the little-black hoopla has always been about. This year it's knitted wool, and slim in the new soft way. (Also this-year, the way it's dressed for dinner—black satin baker's hat, double glitter.) By Kimberly about $50 at Henri Bendel; Frost Bros.

E. Marcil



the click of knitting

continued

For anyone who's been checking the progress of the put-over idea, eyes left: it's knitted red wool now, the top is longer, the collar is cowled, and even a suit couldn't ask for more fashion substance. Costume, by Dalton; about $90. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Undercoat dress, right, in red wool jersey, which happens, in fact, to have a rather dashing little country coat of its own—a woollen jacket in a come-right-out-with-it kind of plaid, bloused and hooded. By Carlye; about $70. Stern's; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

Paisleyed put-over, left, in enough browns to satisfy anybody's craving. Like the put-over across the page, this has the wit to be long, lean but loose-bodied, and the presence to get about town beautifully long before the weather turns coatish. Costume by Herta Von Altman, of mohair-and-wool jersey, lined in silk chiffon; about $145. Jay Thorpe. Mr. John hat: cognac-coloured velveteen. Knitted brown wool suit, right, with a squared-off jacket, and a collar that makes the most of a little beige blouse that comes with it. By Butte Knit; about $50. Altman's; Hudson's.

E. Marcil



Fashion Naturals U.S.A—a look of their own

All of these clothes have been chosen because of something unexpected in their naturalness, a look of the moment in colour, pattern, or shape. What's more a look that a woman can make *her* own by the way she wears them; by the fitting that's right for her—this year it will probably have a glamourous bit of slouch; by the jewellery she likes worn in a way especially her own, not so unyielding, however, that it denies change. *Above:* The pull-over that's extra long-stemmed, very rectangular, worn over a stitch-pleated skirt in a big, freely sketched checked wool of chamois, cognac, beige. By Evan-Picone, top about $23; skirt about $25. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Roos-Atkins. The bracelets and ring are by Castlecliff, all at Bergdorf Goodman. *Near right:* A brilliant, gay match, this pull-over and skirt of ripe orange wool tweed, with blending China silk dickey—the jewellery way of one woman with it is to wear a big dangling Dior pendant (or a facsimile) on a long gold chain. Dress by B. H. Wragge, about $90, at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. The shoes are by Paradise. *Far right:* The dress to give the late-day blacks time out, this gala pink tunic of Creslan-and-wool tweed over a little token dress, slightly fitted, of pink silk ottoman. Both by B. H. Wragge, about $160. Tunic of Ria Herlinger fabric; pin by Van S. All at Bonwit Teller. Dress also at Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. The shoes are by Smartaire.



Coat-forecast for the little people



Teddy-bear coat (left, with doorman in tow)—it's got everything real teddy bears have, except a squeak. Soft, fluffy alpaca in honey-bear gold with dark guard hairs. By Mode Kiddie, sizes 3 to 6; about $35. Matching hat, about $6. At Boys and Girls Shop of Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

Below: Superb coat shape: yoked, smocked, and unwaisted—so there's room to grow in. With matching leggings. By Childcraft of honey-gold wool tweed; about $40. Sizes 3 to 6X. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel

Special delivery—for the girl in the bright white coat (left). The colour lifts the fabric—sturdy wool chinchilla cloth—right out of the everyday category. By Mode Kiddie, sizes 7 to 14; about $45. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop.

Right: The cyclist wears a versatile chesterfield coat that looks right for school *and* special occasions. Olive herringbone wool tweed; velvet collar. By Bambury, sizes 7 to 14; about $30. At Best & Co.; Hudson's.



INTERNATIONAL
ARRIVAL BLDG





New dress arrivals— jackets along for the ride

RAWLINGS



Here's our idea of indispensable: straightforward, independently pretty dresses—and jackets that provide them with the fashion-substance of suits. (Background here is Pan American's new jet-oriented terminal at Idlewild, where suit-substance is clearly indicated; six hours from this point, the scene might be Claridge's in London, and the dresses jewelled, tulle-hatted, wearing furs in place of jackets.)

Left: Dress-and-jacket look with more to it than meets the eye (though what does is dashing enough)—the dress has a divided skirt, and a newer or more sensible idea than jetting around in culottes doesn't come to mind easily. By Richard Cole; about $90. Of grey Acrilan-and-rayon flannel; jacket lining, curry Acrilan pile by Beaunit. Henri Bendel; Rich's; Himelhoch's; Haggarty's. Hat by Emme.

Above right: Jacketed brown broadcloth with all the virtues of omission that a day dress needs to get along late-day—no sleeves, no collar, no nonsense. The costume, by Lilli Ann, of Blin & Blin wool; about $70. Saks 34th St.; Joseph Magnin.

Below right: Sleeved grey flannel, flared on the bias, and a jacket that ties on softly. By Herbert Sondheim, of Or de Laine wool; about $200. Altman's; Joseph Magnin.



VOGUE PATTERN 5131

VOGUE PATTERN 9874

To make from Vogue Patterns—a pivotal town coat of black broadtail cloth (an obvious and engaging fake), and two dresses that might revolve around it. *Facing page:* Infallible coat for town, easily cut, charming in an elegant material; this, imitation black broadtail of Du Pont rayon pile and cotton (a Burlington fabric). Black velvet hat: Lilly Daché. Ropes of pseudo pearls, by Richelieu, at Bloomingdale's. Delman shoes. Coat, Vogue Pattern 5131. *Above:* For late-day, a dress with box-pleated skirt, cardigan top—to wear with the black coat, opposite. In white crêpe of Enka rayon and Celanese acetate by Onondaga; embroidered edging, optional. Lilly Daché hat. Nick Parker shoes. Dress, Vogue Pattern 9874. *Right:* Earlier in the day, the coat might accompany this overblouse dress, Vogue Pattern 5097, with a straight or gathered skirt. Here in rust-coloured, loosely-woven wool tweed by Fabrex. Emme lynx hat. Andrew Geller shoes. *Other views, sizes, yardages on page 218.*

NEW YORK'S IDLEWILD— THE NEW LOOK

Like the Statue of Liberty, the monochromatic flats of marsh grass that edge New York's Idlewild International Airport have become for many travellers the view that means America. This year, eight-and-a-half-million people flew in and out of the airport that was, a few years back, still a crush—on reclaimed land—of temporary buildings hung with architects' drawings of the way it would look someday.

Someday came. This year, the new Idlewild emerged, like Atlantis, from the swamp—dizzy with electronics, time-and-motion-savers, and architecture, some of it ravishing, some as deliberately noncommittal and lacking in idiosyncrasy as the music piped into the waiting rooms. The new buildings—some $90,000,000 worth—seem spacious, airy, almost deserted; Idlewild, for the first time, has room to grow.

For some of the U.S. airlines—new buildings, new wrinkles

Although Eero Saarinen's swooping, soaring T.W.A. terminal is still in the raw-frame (but already spectacular) stage, four carriers in the U.S. fleet—Pan American, American, Eastern, and United—have moved into new Idlewild houses: pretty, airy, crisp on ticketing and baggage. The newest and most beautiful (see photographs on pages 190-191) is Pan American's pale, floaty umbrella of a building, where the views (absolutely wrap-around) include the lovely, Canaveral-like vapour clouds still released by some jets as they leave the runway. (In the interests of smoke control but scarcely of good theatre, some of the new jets have been modified to eliminate the take-off clouds.)

Because Pan American's remaining piston planes will be out of service in about a year, this building—a glass cylinder with an immense cantilevered concrete roof—was designed especially for jets, and can shelter, beneath the overhang of its roof, six at a swoop. Passengers step from the lobby to a railed walk, like a ship's bridge, and then onto a pale-blue-and-white gangplank that pivots to the plane doors. Everything in the building is improbably airy; the door is no door at all, but a wide curve of air curtain. Inside, a floating platform holds an aviation museum (largely Pan Americana) and the Panorama Room, all Plexiglass, Saarinen chairs, the splash of a tiny fountain, and pleasant food served with some dash.

From almost anywhere around the airport, the new American Airlines terminal can be spotted by its fireworksy stained-glass window, a block-long blaze of reds, blues, and purples. (The staff, at one point, began calling the building C. R.'s Chapel, after C. R. Smith, American's president.) From the pretty lounges, scattered with pastel chairs, passengers board planes through covered telescoping jetways, as protective as wedding canopies, that move out at the touch of a button. When American's jets come in, they nose up until their windshields practically brush the building. Meanwhile, the jetway swings out, and the airplane doors are open before the engines stop spinning.

For Eastern, the line that runs a slick shuttle between the northeastern cities and the southern resorts, there is a glass-wrapped terminal with a waiting room larger than the concourse at Grand Central Station. The entire building seems strung together with ramps, some of them suspended on cables; from taxi to plane and back again no passenger need climb a stair.

In the long curve of the United Airlines Building (part of which is now being used by Delta), there are again great expanses of glass, telescoping jetways (with turquoise-blue floors), and planes almost taxiing into the lobby. Everything is geared to convenience: flight information comes into the main lobby on closed-circuit television; passengers—at least those who can remember that LAX means Los Angeles, SFO San Francisco, and so forth—may speed things up by tagging their own bags.

For the foreign flag carriers—Idlewild's central building

The heart of Idlewild's overseas operation is still, of course, the airy, immaculate International Arrival Building, backed by runways, fronted by a shimmery complex of fountains and reflecting pools. Opened late in 1957, the building houses the control tower, customs, and Idlewild's main restaurant, the Golden Door, a glassy place with eye-level views of flags in the wind, below-eye-level views of the *(Continued on page 217)*

THE WINDOW VIEW

From his ivy-terraced New York back yard, David Whitcomb, a young interior designer, can view two of his showcase interiors simultaneously. Upstairs in his high-ceilinged living room, dozens of abacuses, black, brown, and brass, form a screen. Beside the huge, oatmeal-coloured sofa that backs on the window, a yard-high Baccarat crystal apothecary jar performs as a lamp base. Framed only by a navy-blue wall, a big Stephen Durkee painting, an abstract in yellow-touched browns and whites, hangs like a mural. In the right corner, arching out from behind a sheer curtain woven of goat's hair and metallic yarn, a camellia bush grows like that beanstalk, periodically erupts into bloom. On the ground floor, reached from above by a floaty wood open-tread stairway with cool steel railings, one room does three jobs in an especially attractive way. Part brick-walled, part barn siding, it triples as kitchen, dining room, and office, with a travertine marble floor that pushes out into the garden. When necessary, shimmering strips of Cellophane screen off the kitchen mechanics. Among the room's charms: the copper that lines one brick wall, candlesticks from Mr. Whitcomb's mercury glass collection, a plump wooden mortar filled with dried flowers, a U. S. Army-sized black-iron vegetable grater, pinned up on the right wall to conceal, effectively, the kitchen ventilator, and bent iron armchairs that years ago, pre-Whitcomb and armless, provided rather battered hospital seating.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



Illustrated: Harvest, a Troy selection for Qual Fab, Inc. PPG manufactures the yarn only, not the fabric. Photo: Jacques Simson/Pagano

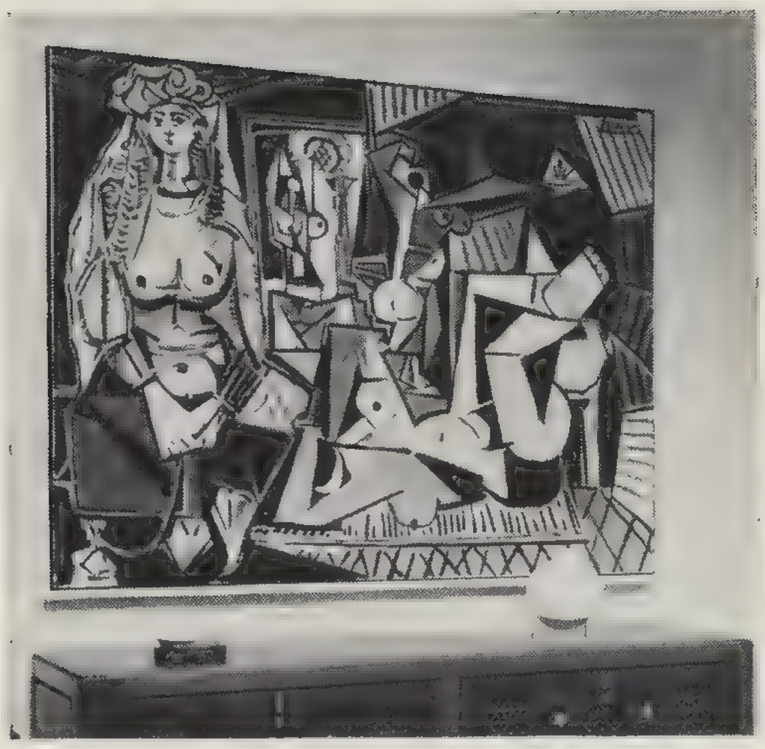
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ROOM AROUND PICASSO

In the Victor Ganz New York apartment, Robsjohn-Gibbings has designed a room for five Picasso studies of the Delacroix painting, "Women of Algiers"



Above, the last of Picasso's fifteen studies of Delacroix's 1834 "Women of Algiers," *below.* On leave of absence from the Victor Ganz apartment, the Picasso painting was in the recent, fabulous Picasso exhibition at London's Tate Gallery.



Though in other rooms of the Victor Ganz apartment Picasso paintings and lithographs hang pleasantly and easily with English eighteenth-century furniture, the owners felt that Picasso's five variations on Delacroix's "Women of Algiers" called for a made-to-order setting. For the setting they chose a sitting room, and for its designer, T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings.

Mr. Gibbings (who, in his amusing, cranky books on modern art and architecture —*Mona Lisa's Mustache, Homes of the Brave*—has sometimes criticized Picasso's work), designed a room that forms both a sensitive *ambiance* for the new "Women of Algiers" paintings and an enormously comfortable vantage point from which to enjoy them. Shown in colour on the next two pages, the room has the controlled airiness of a latticed window, a spindled door, and grey-white colour all over—walls, ceiling, vinyl floor, upholstery. Moroccan tables, Indian lamps, and ancient ivories collected especially for the room quietly evoke the Delacroix-Picasso Oriental theme.

Behind the Picassos and the brilliance of the Ganz sitting room lies a provocative history that stretches back to 1832. In that year, Eugène Delacroix, elegant master of the Romantic Movement in France, spent some six months in Morocco, Tangier, and then in Algeria, at that time a new French acquisition. From his sketches came his famous 1834 painting, "Women of Algiers," now hanging in the Louvre. Superb in colour, this painting bounces with sunlight, with translucent shadows, and a rich glow of whites, reds, yellowy-browns in an undulating composition.

One hundred and twenty years later, Picasso, possibly moved by the great resemblance between one of the seated women and his model, Jacqueline Roque, began fifteen variations on the Delacroix harem scene. Painting from memory—he had not seen the Louvre painting for years—he played with the subject, putting in at random one to three women and the Negro servant. In the last version, he transposed the Delacroix line-up by placing the turbaned, trousered servant at the left, instead of the right, turned her full front, rather than with a full back and partly-turned face. The Delacroix women are placid, slightly bored, and fully dressed; only their lovely arms and legs and plunge necklines are bare. Picasso's women are essentially nude and semi-nude, some of the studies in grisaille, some in dazzling colour, particularly a magnificent variety of blues, with vital yellows, and watered-down reds. After Picasso finished his variations, he told his friend and biographer Roland Penrose, who organized the important Picasso exhibition recently at London's Tate Gallery, that he never knew what was coming next, nor did he try to interpret what he had done. . . . "That is for others to do. . . . The fact that I paint so many studies is just part of my way of working. I make a hundred studies in a few days while another painter may spend a hundred days on one picture." (*Continued on page 198*)



EZRA STOLLER

ROOM AROUND PICASSO

continued

Five Picassos, painted between December 28, 1954, and February 14, 1955, invisibly framed in the hazy grey-white of the walls, hang without conflict in one small room of the Victor Ganz New York apartment (the fifth, not shown in these photographs, hangs to the right of the sofa, *above*). From a series of fifteen based on Delacroix's "Women of Algiers," the earliest of the five here is the smaller painting, *above*. Lower left, *opposite:* the final painting of the whole series.

In the light-swept room, the Near Eastern orientalism of Delacroix, not lost in Picasso's restatement, has been underlined by Robsjohn-Gibbings with seventeenth-century Moroccan tables, lacy white lamps from India, and by grilled book chests, to which Mr. Gibbings gave doors of ivory-inlaid Moroccan panels. The *brise-soleil* of the window wall filters and patterns the light. Comfortable, calm, coolly undistracting, Mr. Gibbings' room plan lets the walls do all the singing.





In a country house, pointing up the airiness of French doors, Ottavia's French "Mystique," here with white daisies woven in, floats over heavy printed Roman shades.

THE NEW SHEER STRENGTH

The wide and handsome house manners of new sheer fabrics

Coming out from under draperies, and high time: sheer curtains. We think of them floating over heavy, vivid far-from-sheer undercurtains—the reverse of the usual drapery over glass curtain procedure. We see them on round dining tables, foamy layers on top of, perhaps, brocade, satin, felt. We particularly see them filtering light over vast expanses of glass in new office buildings, as well as in houses.

What's making the new ways with sheers come true are the whims of iron some seemingly gossamer and fragile curtains have developed. Thanks to synthetic fibres, Dacron, Fortisan, Du Pont nylon, sheer fabrics come clean more easily and stay that way longer; they don't go limp, they keep their filmy heads up.

A new member of the sheer-but-with-stamina family, as pristine as a raindrop and just as lucent, is "Mystique," a French curtain cloth with a future that goes far beyond curtains. Frothy white, but as hearty as leather, it could skirt dressing tables, beds, French doors, as shown in these sketches, or, as not shown here, a bride. One of the *tours de force* of "Mystique" is its far-out width—in some patterns, as wide as 140 inches. In the Riviera fashion show at which "Mystique" was unveiled to American buyers and press, 666 inches without a seam stretched across the Mediterranean-view windows of the hotel La Réserve, and could, as the announcer remarked, run just as seamlessly half way to Corsica across the bay.

A wispy first-time team of Tergal, a French synthetic fibre, and long-stapled Egyptian cotton, "Mystique" combines its ingredients in these proportions: the design is cotton, loomed into the Tergal. One of the eighteen patterns is patternless: pure Tergal. All share one colour scheme: white-on-white, like the room done in fabrics of Du Pont fibres on last issue's Fashions in Living cover.

Edward Burke Smith, President of Ottavia, Inc., and winner this year of the Neiman-Marcus award for his contribution to decorating fashions, is the man whose idea it all was; he worked for many months with French mills to develop the remarkable crêpe-de-Chine feel of Tergal.

These new sheer fabrics are among the least perishable delicacies ever invented for the house, with long, lovely life spans ahead.

SKETCHES BY HEILEMANN



Left, white cornflowers in a transparent white field: one border pattern in the "Mystique" collection. Through the fabric can be seen a room sketch, showing the cloth in action—as a dressing table skirt, as curtains.
Right, a nineteenth-century bamboo-framed bed, canopied, like the window, with a white-scrolled sheer. These and other "Mystique" patterns: at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.

BEADLE

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF A FRENCHMAN

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mary Roblee Henry, Vogue's former travel editor, became, instead, a contributing editor after her marriage to Paul-Marc Henry, a member of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. She then moved to Paris to keep house in a delightful flat with its own garden. Mme. Henry has been taking lessons from a former Prunier chef, a dark, big, burly master with hands that flutter over his pans like butterflies.*

When I first married and came to live in Paris, my French husband presented me with five books on the art of cooking, and two books on the art of wine. After reading two volumes of *La Physiologie du Goût* by Brillat-Savarin and the *Calendrier Gastronomique* by Grimod de La Reynière, I delved into the more recent (1899) culinary alchemy of my grandmother-in-law's cookbook, *Nouvelle Cuisine Économique.* Riffling through the five hundred yellowed pages, I skipped such delicacies as donkey's meat and cow's udders for the more familiar charms of *boeuf à la mode,* the recipe of which began, "take twelve pounds of beef. . . ."

A Frenchman will happily lunch on pig's feet, tripe, or calf's head, and most Frenchmen do come home for lunch. In any case, the lunch is invariably four courses—including cheese, for any meal without it, according to Brillat-Savarin, is like a *belle* without an eye. Dinner is of the same dimension, perhaps more elaborate, and all meals, even breakfast, if eggs are served, are naturally accompanied by red and white wine.

The problem of the French *maîtresse de maison* lies not only in the cooking, or ordering, of a meal, but also in the shopping. It is a matter of five social calls a day. Although time-consuming, it is pleasant because everyone becomes your friend. At the butcher's, the cashier—probably his ample wife—will give you a special recipe for kidneys cooked with mushrooms and white wine; the wine merchant will ask the menu to be sure you select the proper wines; the creamery girl will suggest butter from Normandy and eggs dated yesterday. Shopping for several days ahead is practically heresy. Everything must be fresh . . . few tinned foods, no frozen foods—*quelle horreur!*

As forty per cent of the French income goes into food, shopping is a mania in France. Practically everybody does it. Women in riding clothes just back from a morning's canter in the *Bois;* women in scarfs and slacks, women in polo coats, women in mink coats with their chauffeurs waiting in a parked Citroën; some cooks are seen, but usually it is the exacting *maîtresse de maison* who hovers over every leaf of spinach.

Just for delight, it is great fun to go to one of the large markets, Les Halles, for example, or to a vast street market where hundreds of stalls appear in the morning and vanish at night. For the most part, however, one stays in the *quartier.* Where I live near the Étoile in Paris, there are five shopping areas spoked around me.

My morning's routine might include a stop at the creamery for eggs, butter, cream, and cheese; the fishmonger for mussels, mushrooms, and lemons; the butcher for veal, lamb, or beef; pork and delicatessen dishes at the *charcuterie;* fruit and groceries at the *primeur;* wood and wine at the wine shop; horse meat (for the dog) at the *chevaline;* oysters from the stall at the café; buttons and newspapers at the library; candles and cleaning powders at the hardware store; bread at the bakery; chicken, game, duck, and hare at the *rôtisserie.* Everything is weighed in kilos (just over two pounds); there are no paper bags. Produce is wrapped in newspaper, twisted into cones, and tucked into a range of wicker baskets and string bags that expand.

The range and quantity of food is prodigious. Take, for example, bread. The bakery not only displays pastries, cakes, ice cream, and candies, but at least a dozen sizes of bread. It took me a long time to distinguish the difference between one loaf and another. Eventually I realized that a *ficelle* is a small "thread" of bread, a *baguette* is a wand or rod, a *bâtard* is a "bastard" size, a *flûte* looks like a flute, *les cuisses,* which means thighs, are two smaller loaves baked together with an indentation for easy separation.

Although supermarkets are beginning to appear in France, most people still cling to the small merchant. I find it exasperating, amusing, and rewarding, mostly because, as an American, I need the wise culinary counsel of the butcher's wife, a counsel which my husband deeply appreciates. After two years' progress and a well-stocked library of Brillat-Savarin, I feel that the best way to a Frenchman's stomach is through his heart.

Here are five recipes which have proved successful in the care and feeding of one special Frenchman.

(Continued on page 216)



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MASKS OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE

(Continued from page 167)

had climbed to an altitude of 2,050 metres to hold a Mass for the pastured maidens, returned to Kippel for another Mass at twelve-thirty, after which he'd taken his first nourishment of the day and conducted Vespers in the afternoon. He was an eager mountaineer who had once climbed the Matterhorn to read the first Mass on its summit.

His low-ceilinged small rooms of unpainted vertical boards were like brown caves and no doubt warm in winter. They were filled with paintings and books on painting, mountain climbing, and history. The Prior, born in the valley, was not only its religious leader but its cultural leader, historian, and chamber of commerce as well. He was author of a book about his valley and had lectured all over Europe. His people, he said, make their living exclusively by raising dairy cattle to sell, there not being enough forage in the valley for dairying.

In summer they raise vegetables and potatoes but the winter diet is cheese, milk, bread (from imported wheat), and *Bündnerfleisch*, air-dried beef. Despite their restricted diet and centuries of isolated in-breeding, Lötschentalers, enigmatically, probably are the healthiest people in Switzerland. A majority are unattended by doctors from birth to death. Cancer, a leading Swiss killer, is rare in the valley. Almost everyone lives more than eighty years and then more than seventy-five per cent of the people die from "water"—dropsy—a disease of a spent body, the circulation failure of hearts weakened by hard work.

Still, the Prior sadly admitted to a grave parish problem—alcoholism. In a country noted for alcoholic consumption, the men of Lötschental are champions and their drinking doubtlessly contributes to the dropsy death rate. I didn't wonder in a valley where snow falls from September to May and where in heavy winter a one-man path is the only avenue to the world outside. There were no movies, the Prior said, and dancing was permitted only during the fourteen days of carnival—an explosive affair for which the famous masks were carved. Then people move from house to house, only their masked heads visible like grotesque bugs above the tunnelled snow.

He told us of an unfortunate parishioner who had three sons and no daughters. Consequently the youngest son, an innocent lad just past twenty, had to be sent into the summer pastures to care for cows with the maidens. Willy rolled his eyes and sighed. "That poor, unlucky young fellow," he said. "Just think of it. He doesn't have any sisters."

The hotel was deserted. Wandering in empty halls we heard from the basement a silvery spiral of song. In a moment a pretty red-haired girl came running up the stairs, yodelling merrily. When she saw us she stopped dead and blushed. A room? Yes, she had one, five francs per night per bed. She took us to it. It was large and pleasant.

After a wash—no running water of course—we went down to supper and a bottle of marvellously delicate Rhone Valley *Fendant*, the popular white wine in the valley. We asked the waitress—her name was Katie—if it were true there was no dancing except at carnival. She lifted her brows wisely and said, "There are things the Prior does not know." For instance that very evening down in Ferden there would be a *Kirchenbau*, literally a "church-building" but actually a fête to raise money to pay for the building. She herself was going, after her evening's chores.

A moment later Katie ran to our table, trembling and pale. Did we know, she asked, there was a viper in our room? We did. Well, the chambermaid had run screaming into the kitchen and after a restorative cognac had refused absolutely to have anything more to do with the room.

Down in Ferden people were crowding in and around the Town Hall, which doubled also as schoolhouse. Women in black skirts, embroidered vests, and shawls, offered us chances on a lottery. Men, not women, were the preeners. They wore large rakish yellow hats with black bands and elaborately cross-stitched girdles inherited, father to son, and dated 1907, 1911, et cetera. They were banging at bowls and rat-a-tat-tating in a *Blumenschiessen*, rifle sharpshooting in which the targets were flowers.

Inside, there was music. A

few young couples thumped awkwardly in a dance. Young bucks, covered with *flower-shooting* glory, whirled with a spark of spirit but the girls didn't seem to enjoy it at all. No doubt their knitted woollen stockings and heavy mountain shoes, like boots worn by skiers, took the joy from it. I tried dancing with one girl but she was so cumbersome and graceless I gave it up.

The room was like a Brueghel wedding with men and women crowded around long tables drinking beakers of *Fendant* or beer. We had been drinking *Fendant* ourselves and suddenly in the warm building I was aware of faces. Gaunt faces. Hollowed worn faces, even on the young. Distorted faces with large, sometimes broken noses, scarred cheeks, protruding ears. They were familiar faces I'd seen somewhere before. But where?

Then I remembered the masks in Zurich. These stern, smileless people, having humour after all, carved the masks in their own image. Those grotesque wooden bogies in the museum, often of old people distorted by paralysis or simply age and suffering, had been brutishly, almost malevolently ironic as if suffering and adversity were themselves comic phenomena.

Suddenly every face in the room had become a mask—old women's faces with black kerchiefs hiding hair so that hollowed cheeks and gleaming eyes shone as if from a tube; men's faces scarred, crushed, weathered, time-limned like tree bark.

I remembered the Baron's tip that smiling masks were almost non-existent. The Prior had told us the art of mask-carving was dying out but he had given us the names of several carvers up and down the valley. In the morning we followed the churning white Lonza up the misty gorge, through villages named Wiler and Ried, Blatten and Eisten, where sleighs hung on houses as in Lapland. We walked over heavenly meadows of wild pansies, bluebells, roses, lavenderpuffs called *Rapunzel*, endless daisies, lupines, and finally on the high slopes near the glacier, edelweiss. It was a sunny windy day and everyone in the valley was haying. Youths and girls swung scythes on goat-challenging slopes. Men were pushing loaded carts and women carried hay up ravines on their backs. We saw the old Prior, his black robes flapping, swinging a scythe like an avenging dark angel of death.

The masks I found seemed dull and casually turned for tourists. It was Willy who located some exciting ones in the window of a house back down in Ferden. A sombre girl of ten answered the door. Her parents, she said, were busy with the haying but she knew the prices of the masks. One had a grimacing apoplectic leer—it was the closest I found to a smile. For 160 francs I bought it and three others; a shawled old witch, a tongue-protruding demon with feverish cheeks, and an angered old man with white horsehairs emerging from his ears.

As we carried them to the hotel, the sweet scent of drying hay filled the air, covering the manure like a deodorant. A tiny little girl on the road embraced a long new loaf of bread lovingly as she might a doll, and boys swooping about us on bicycles flapped their jackets like bats' wings in the twilight. The setting sun glowed pink on the glaciers. In the hotel Katie was yodelling. She was the only woman we had seen smiling and the only one wearing nylon stockings.

That night it stormed. Black clouds rolled over the snowfields and thunder rumbled louder than the Lonza. Lightning knocked out the electricity. Willy was singing or whistling like a snake charmer to the viper—it appeared to be a great love between them.

In a flare of lightning the masks propped on a chest came to vivid and terrifying life and I had to turn them face down. As I passed a window I saw in a flash the form of a young woman climbing the mountain, carrying two lumber planks which met at right angles exactly at her neck, forming a perfect cross. She was bent low, almost to the ground, by the weight. I was so startled I could not move and I watched with each flare from the heavens while she carried her burden as to Calvary. Walking behind her, following, was a man holding the hand of a child.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Herbert Kubly grew up in the Swiss country of Wisconsin where yodelling, hop waltzes, würsts, and Schweizer Deutsch flourish exuberantly. A restless charmer with a talent for travel, he is the author of two books on Italy and a collection of short stories; his first novel, *The Whistling Stage*, is now in the works.



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THE CALCULATED RISKS IN FASHION

(Continued from page 134)

An exaggerated hat—really the only kind to have this year; and three varieties that promise high returns are fur, tulle, and helmet. To make its point properly, a fur hat must be even more gloriously exaggerated than the fur hats of other seasons—note the examples throughout this issue—and it's most successful worn in the Paris manner, pulled down to the owl-eyebrows. For the tulle late-day hat, see Vogue, September 1 in which a mauve one sets out to take over after-six looks. Nutmeg-brown, incidentally, would perform in exactly the same way. Which leaves the helmet story, told to the life on the cover of this Vogue; it bears special consideration by small-faced women with short hair, as well as by those who have the lady-on-the-dime profiles automatically linked with helmets.

Leather, the new life of—because suèdes, antelope, and leather-type-leather fashions have never been more appealing than they are now. Dior, for instance, dazzled even the most jaded clothes-eyes with an alligator jacket; with a suède dress—direct and uncomplicated as a linen sheath—worn with an astonishing loose jacket of giant-stitch knitting, mink-edged. Copies are popping up now in America along with a number of indigenous leather designs just as engaging.

A violet coat—to swing freely through a dress life that embraces more colours than you might at first blush think possible; say, reds, taupes, violets both deeper and paler than the coat, and browns that lean to raisin.

Shorter hair—a change that may snip years off your frame of mind as well as your looks. If the shingled back that's enchanting on mannequins is your idea of Going Too Far, there's no reason to go with it; any reasonably ingenious hairdresser can work out for you and with you a cut and shape that has all the vivacity of cropped hair without actually being cropped—flattery is the idea here.

A culotte suit in town—which is America's most revolutionary fashion of the moment. The jacket will be longish, the skirt so perfectly cut that the culotte appears only when the woman inside goes into action. Check Vogue's report September 1 for details.

The sweater approach to evening—not based on sweaters at all, but on sweater-simple shapes in anything from silks to sequins or fabulous (repeat, fabulous) bead effects with a sort of Persian-garden glamour. The only risk here is for women whose evening allure relies on a strapless show of beautiful skin. However, since this is really not the year for extreme bareness, the switch may be easier than it sounds.

Stockings that count—in an almost invisible stream of new colours so subtly worked out that you have to *know* they involve such offbeat tones as mauve and plum and green in the dye-pots. Once you know this, though, you can forget everything but the good top-to-toe look they'll give you. Atmosphere is what these colours are, and there will be more about them in the next Vogue.

A fur put-over—with a nice degree of nonchalance and more clothes aptitudes than you may think of in the next thirty seconds. If this new Fashion Naturalism is your line of country, you will probably wear it with everything from tweeds to sliver dresses that appear at five o'clock. This year if the fur happens to be spotted, that's fine. But it could also be black or brown-dyed pony-skin or almost anything else you particularly crave.

An un-square handbag—and we mean this two ways, as you may have already observed from the cover of this issue where the model appears with a skinny purse two-and-a-half-feet long—or roughly that.

One look that's not understated—and only you can tell what this should be, in terms of your looks and where they go. That's the main point about calculated risks. However, to give an example of what we mean there's this: a straight shift of a dress made of hamster fur, sleeveless, but best when it's worn with a sleeved turtle-necked sweater underneath; shoestring-belted at the waist. Deep country is where it ought to live.



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HOW INDISCREET CAN AN ENGLISHWOMAN BE?

A STORY BY PATRICIA ABERCROMBIE

"You sick?" asked Miss Ansburger, peering with some anxiety into the narrow bunk where her fellow passenger lay serenely open-eyed, but wearing a nightdress that revealed the figure which, when she appeared upon the sundeck, caused men to look at her.

"No," was the unelaborated reply.

"But it's only twelve-thirty!" protested Miss Ansburger.

"It's not compulsory to stay up late," said Mrs. Lamb.

"But it's gala night!" cried Miss Ansburger in a crescendo of solicitude. . . .

"Well, anyway I'm certainly glad you're here; I hate to be alone," she added more cheerfully after a pause. "Shall I order some coffee?"

"No thank you, Gloria, not for me."

There was silence for a few minutes. Mrs. Lamb raised her arm and pressed the flat of her hand against the bunk above her, smiling luxuriously as though the contact with the cool wood pleased her. Then she composed herself to sleep, with such success that Miss Ansburger felt it seemed unnecessary to stay with her and hurried back to the gaily decorated and noisy saloon. Blundering amongst the crowded chairs with her eyes on the dancers, she rejoined Mrs. Muncey, exclaiming even before she had seated herself at the table, "Cornelia Lamb is in bed already!"

Mrs. Muncey, who slept in the berth above Miss Ansburger, was, to her own elated surprise, having a most enjoyable trip. She had somehow managed to capture, though in tentative and uncertain fashion, a Parsee, and she was therefore in the unfamiliar position of feeling sorry for Mrs. Lamb who, though in many ways recognizably superior, had perceptibly not done so well.

"Poor thing!" she exclaimed kindly, "she's not a bad-looking woman either. I wonder why she hasn't found anybody."

"She pretends not to mind but you can see she's disappointed," Miss Ansburger continued, keeping her head up and her eyes alert for any acquaintance who might be drawn into their company.

Mrs. Cornelia Lamb was to be seen every morning, alone, on the sundeck; every afternoon, alone, at the movies or sitting in one of the rooms reading a heavy leather-bound volume from the library; during the hour before dinner she drank one gin and tonic, or sometimes two, sipping in leisurely fashion with the book propped before her. After dinner, she was nowhere to be seen. Once or twice when she looked into the saloon late in the evening, during a game of Bingo, a kindly American matron who had noticed her solitude, would push a chair towards her and invite her to join their little circle; but she apparently aroused in most of her fellow passengers merely a fleeting and casual curiosity.

Mrs. Muncey, however, considered herself a fairly acute observer of her fellow human beings, and enforced proximity had given her one or two puzzling, if not downright contradictory, glimpses of Mrs. Lamb's character. It seemed, for instance, inappropriate to the quiet, even self-effacing manner, that she showed so little modesty in undressing, sometimes stripping off her clothes with a positive relish, and looking at herself in the mirror with what could only be described as complacency. Moreover, Mrs. Muncey could not help noticing, at such times, that Mrs. Lamb's sun tan, instead of stopping abruptly in certain places, merely varied in intensity, shading imperceptibly from dark to lightest golden-brown. These observations Mrs. Muncey for some reason kept to herself.

(Continued on page 208)

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HOW INDISCREET CAN AN ENGLISHWOMAN BE?

(Continued from page 207)

"Oh well, Cornelia can have one of my boy friends, I'll probably have one or two to spare," Miss Ansburger said laughing and wrinkling cheerfully.

"She *is* married," Mrs. Muncey suggested.

"Ah fish," exclaimed the other briskly, "what difference does that make?"

"I did see her, once, in our corridor, talking to that tall young man from her table," said Mrs. Muncey.

"Oh him!" exclaimed Miss Ansburger with scorn, "he's too snooty to live! He stalks about the ship as though he owned it, and won't talk to anybody except in French."

"Anne-Marie says she has seen him in the First Class."

"I daresay," said Gloria acidly. "I daresay that's where he thinks he belongs."

"Anne-Marie's up there a lot isn't she," Mrs. Muncey almost wistfully remarked.

"All the time! She's doing very well," said Gloria, generously acknowledging a success greater than her own and one moreover, in which she might take a vicarious pride, since Anne-Marie was the fourth occupant of the cabin.

Anne-Marie had the great advantage over her cabin mates, in having been put at the noisiest table in the dining room. The one next to it, by contrast, was one of the quietest, and Mme. Daguerre, for one, was glad of it. She sat upright, her mound of iron-grey hair piled on her head, enjoying her food, which she conveyed with a curving movement from beneath her protruding bosom, upon which one looked in vain for a dressmaker's pincushion. Once her plate was cleared, she would sometimes gaze for a moment at the young man facing her, noting, perhaps, his dark lashes, thick hair, and white teeth as she might have looked at a beautiful dress which would never fit her again.

Beside him sat an Englishwoman who, when she addressed anyone, did so in courteous but sometimes inaccurate French. Mme. Daguerre, a naturally silent woman, found the table perfectly satisfactory.

On the first night out, they had settled themselves with smiles but almost without words, silently or with some polite murmur, proffering each other the water carafe and the menu. The courses came and went; the waiters talked more than the diners. At last, during the main course, the Englishwoman turned to the young man beside her and asked, "*Vous irez à Paris?*"

"*Oui, madame. Vous allez à Londres?*"

"*Oui.*"

They did not seem inclined to say more.

The following evening, a sense of familiarity had come to the table, and when the young M. Bellavance took his place Mme. Daguerre at once addressed him.

"*Vous n'avez pas de l'appétit à déjeuner?*"

He replied seriously, "*Je déjeune avec mon frère, madame, il est commissaire à bord.*"

M. Bellavance studied the menu, his dark eyebrows faintly drawn. Presently he rose slightly as the Englishwoman, Cornelia Lamb, took her place. Glancing towards him with a smile on her closed lips she inaudibly pronounced the words, "*Bonsoir monsieur,*" then looking about the table repeated aloud the greeting.

She was wearing white, and her hair, which yesterday had been loose, was smoothed back and secured high at the back of her head. When she had read the menu and set it down, she sat back in her chair, arching her body slightly, and gazed ahead of her for a moment with an absent air. Mme. Daguerre, with pursed lips, cast a professional eye over the pretty bosom. At that moment, however, Mrs. Lamb leaned forward and presented her glass to M. Bellavance for some wine.

As he poured it, she spoke to him. Bending closer to catch her words, he smiled, suddenly looking as young as he was. When he had finished his white wine, he took up the bottle of red, held it impatiently tilted in his long-fingered hand. Turning to the Englishwoman, showing his white teeth and almost imperceptibly jerking his chin, he said, "Finish your wine."

Mme. Daguerre quickly lowered her eyes, then cautiously raised them. He had spoken quiet-



ly, but an intense concentration on other people's business had sharpened her faculties: there was no mistaking that proprietary tone, nor the obedient way in which Mrs. Lamb lifted the glass to her lips.

Mme. Daguerre remarked, as she sipped her coffee, that she had not seen M. Bellavance at the dancing the previous night. He repeated gravely that his brother was an officer on board and that therefore he had a pass into any class. Mme. Daguerre remarked that he was lucky, and he acknowledged this with a little bow. Mrs. Lamb looked modestly into her coffee-cup during this conversation, as though to avoid intruding. Mme. Daguerre, after a moment's pause, remarked that there was Bingo tonight, and that one could win a respectable amount of money. M. Bellavance politely acknowledged the fact without, however, concealing a look of scorn. The two ladies exchanged indulgent smiles.

The next day at lunchtime Mme. Daguerre remarked to Mrs. Lamb upon the absence of "our young man." Mrs. Lamb, smiling, perhaps with pleasure at having been addressed in English, answered that he had luncheon every day with the officers.

"Ah?" A burst of laughter from the next table caused Mme. Daguerre to add drily, remembering the young man's disapproving frowns in that direction, "Perhaps he finds too much noise here?"

Mrs. Lamb looked about the room as though she felt a certain affection for its occupants, but all she said was, "*Il est jeune.*" It was meant to be an excuse, or a complaint; she made a deprecatory little gesture and her lips turned downwards in mock despair. But her tone was full of tenderness, as though she were confiding an intimate secret. Mme. Daguerre merely shrugged. Though nothing more was said, she was left with the impression that, for an Englishwoman, Mrs. Lamb had been remarkably indiscreet.

At the table, on successive evenings, she was not displeased at having something to watch for. Not that anything of significance took place. There was a subtle difference, perhaps, in Mrs. Lamb's attitudes as she sat at the table; once or twice, leaning close to the young man (but one had to do so in the noisy dining room), she said something which made him laugh, and then she would sit there quietly smiling.

But they seldom looked directly at each other, as they would have been able to do had they been sitting opposite each other instead of side by side; if by chance they did look at each other at the same moment, he would pretend to interpret it as a request for something, and would pass her a plate, or fill her glass. Nonetheless, Mme. Daguerre sensed his vigorous impatience and the serene and yielding manner of Mrs. Lamb, and said to herself, "*Bien sûr. Mais où?*"

"But where?" was a question which, in an agonizing, active form, rather than the passive one of curiosity, constantly presented itself to certain of the passengers.

Up on the First Class deck, Anne-Marie's escort said: "My God, if only there was somewhere we could go!"

"Don't let's torture ourselves, darling," she said, and then added irrelevantly, as women will, "I wonder what's in there?"

They were leaning beside what looked like a half-shuttered window. "Crew's quarters," he grunted, heaving himself up from the bulkhead, and seizing her hand he impatiently led her away, glaring with hopeless speculation at one of the lifeboats.

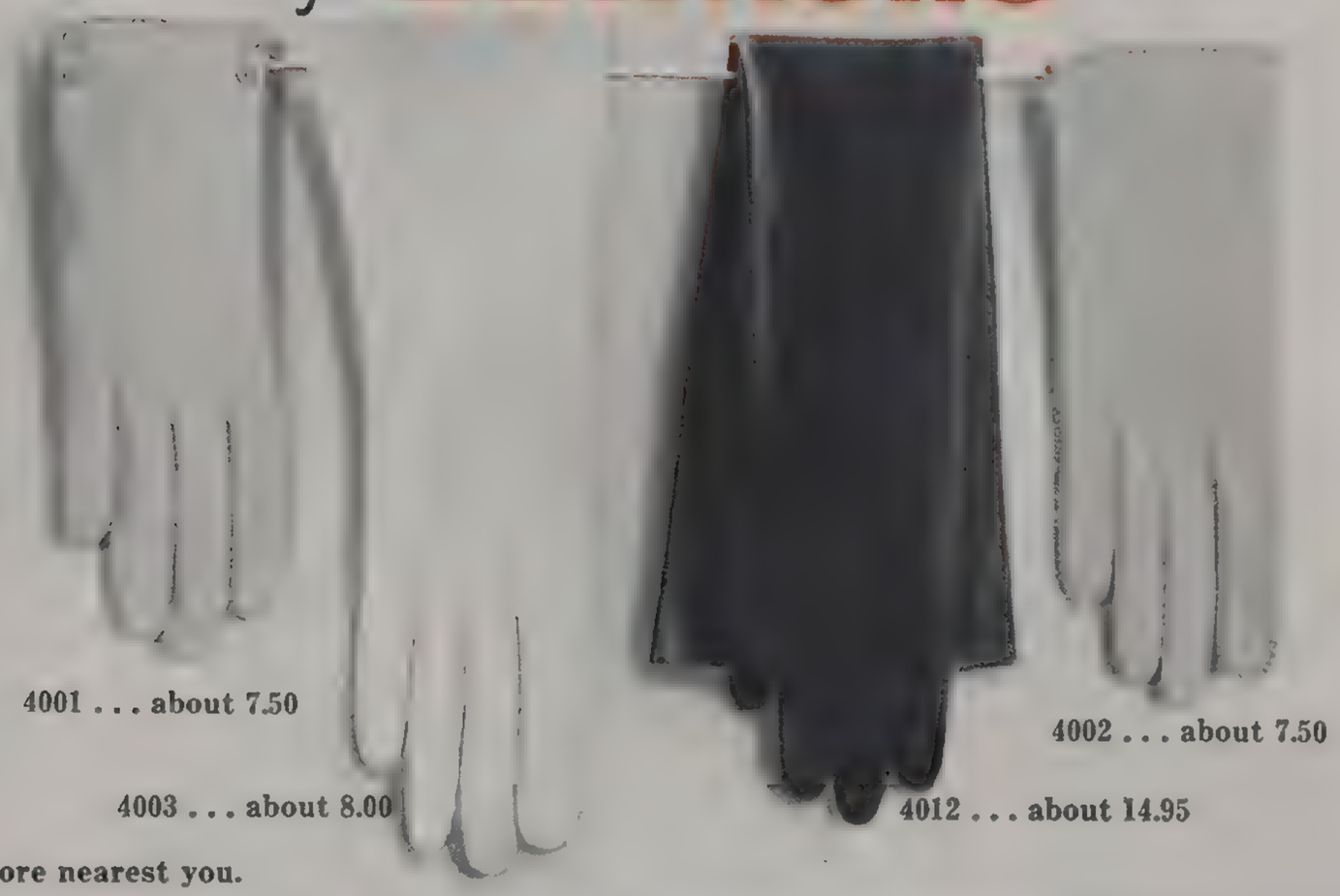
Within, the thump on the wall caused Cornelia Lamb to raise her eyebrows in mild speculation without, however, raising herself or turning her eyes from the young man who sat on the edge of the berth beside her. He answered her look with a little smiling shrug, and stretched up to draw the shutter closer. Then, leaning down over her he took the

(Continued on page 211)

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HOW INDISCREET CAN AN ENGLISHWOMAN BE?

(Continued from page 209)

cigarette from his mouth and put it to her lips. She drew on it, half closing her eyes.

"*C'était bon,*" he said.

"*Oui, c'était bon.*" After a moment she added, turning her head aside. "It's the last time."

"Yes."

"*Tu es sûr que ton frère ne serais pas en colère?*" she asked, stumbling a little slowly over the sentence.

He nodded, smiling at her, and carefully poured some whiskey.

"But he will be back soon," he said as he handed her the glass. She sighed, raising herself on her elbow to drink, then returned the glass to him and lovingly watched him as he took a deep draught and set the glass down.

"*Mon dieu, la vie est belle,*" she said.

Later, she followed him without speaking down the narrow companionway on to the now deserted deck, down the successive flights of slippery linoleum stairs and along the corridors. It was still early evening; passengers were packing in their cabins, and stewards dragging cases about in the narrow passageways. Cornelia's cabin was empty. He followed her into it, ducking his head. They stood looking at each other for a moment and then embraced.

"*Adieu,* darling."

"*Adieu.*"

"*C'était bon, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Oui, c'était bon.*"

When he had gone, drawing the curtains carefully behind him, Cornelia leaned there for a moment looking into the mirror, then she lay down, just as she was, on her berth, where a few moments later Miss Ansburger found her.

"You sick?" she cried anxiously, plumping down on her own berth and leaning forward the better to see Mrs. Lamb.

"No, I'm perfectly well, thank you. I am just going to finish my packing."

"Let's have some coffee, as it's the last night," said Gloria, running out of the cabin to find a steward. When she returned, Mrs. Lamb had her suitcase on the berth and was leisurely folding and packing her belongings.

"Well, you've certainly had a quiet trip," said Gloria, watching with friendly interest each object that Mrs. Lamb handled. "I'm afraid it's been rather boring for you."

"Oh no, not at all," Mrs. Lamb politely countered.

"Here've I been taking all the men away from their wives," Gloria went on, "and you—well, it's too bad! Ah well, you've certainly got through a lot of reading!"

"*À chacun, ses plaisirs,*" said Mrs. Lamb, whose eccentricity it was sometimes to speak French when it was anything but necessary. But she managed to translate the phrase to Miss Ansburger's satisfaction.

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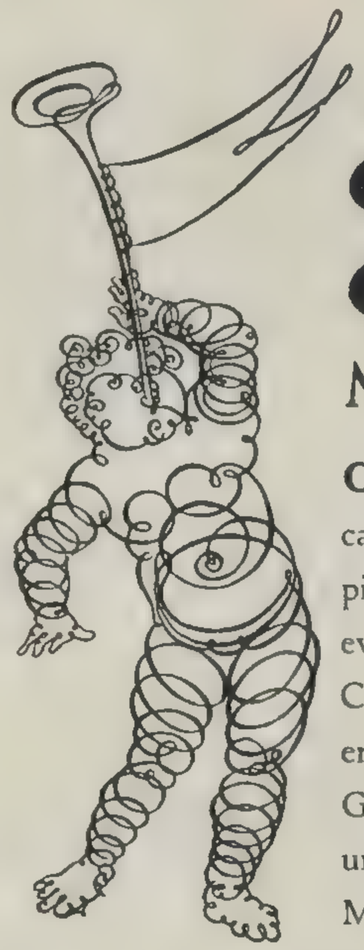
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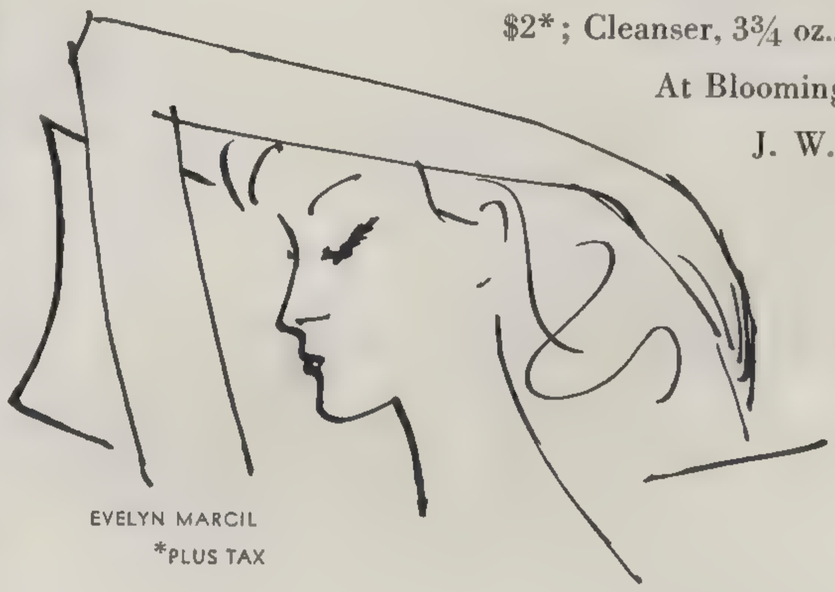
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EVELYN MARCIL

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THE SMALL MYSTERIES OF NEPAL

BY NANCY GRACE

To Nepal, a small country with Mount Everest as its most notable spectacle, people from all over the world have been pouring in. It closed its doors in the thirteenth century and opened them in 1951. Since then the country has been running to the twentieth century, particularly in its valley capital, Katmandu. The country held its first General Election in 1959, finished its first road—from Katmandu to the Indian border—several years ago, and now has a King whose poetry is recorded and sold in the music stores there under his *nom de musique*, M.B.B. Shah.

Every day, weather permitting, planes full of tourists arrive in the city of Katmandu from Calcutta, Delhi, and Patna. Jeeps and Land Rovers meet the planes, watched by a group of Hill people from the borders of Tibet, wearing amber and silver beads, and high, brightly-coloured shoes. They scatter when the motors roar too close and then return, drawn by curiosity, pointing, and shading their eyes. Two days later, again weather permitting, and again observed by the Hill people, gathered beside the fence, most of the same tourists leave.

But Katmandu is an enchanted place. Its magic may be cast by the prayer flags that flutter above the Buddhist Temple, or an egret, or the doorstep of a house where a cow drinks, a puppy suckles, a handsome face looks up and smiles. Once cast, the spell remains. Details become disproportionately important so that the tourist remains, sometimes, where he is standing, or leans against the parapet of the Royal Hotel, forgetting to move.

The air seems cold at Katmandu when you step off the plane. Houses—of sun-dried brick with thatched roofs—near the airport, are painted orange-pink. On the road to the city there is much to see: a *Sadhu*, or Holy Man with matted hair, almost nude body grey with ashes; a row of gaily painted bicycle-rickshaws, decorated to the last spoke of the wheel; porters, carrying stacks of straw balanced on bamboo poles, the stacks so large that the men seem to disappear and it looks like two straw stacks, walking.

The Royal Hotel, a square solid-looking structure of about forty rooms with private baths, built around a courtyard, has in its public rooms stuffed bodies of tigers, and crocodiles, and the heads of boars—trophies from the Tarai, a tropical strip in the south of Nepal. On the walls, are the portraits of heavy-eyed, moustached, long-robed, coroneted and bird-of-paradise-plumed Rana Prime Ministers who shot them. The hotel, once a Rana Palace, one of over one hundred Rana Palaces in Katmandu, arrived in Katmandu on the backs of porters who had carried it piecemeal into the valley.

Once you become used to its eccentricities, the Royal Hotel, run since 1954 by Boris Lissanevitch, a White Russian, has a rather charming grandeur.

There is a formal dining room, once the Louis XV sitting room of the former Rana owner, and many, many pleasant bearers who run, and smile, and disappear. At the attractive bar, drink supplies fluctuate and guests may find themselves faced with a choice between, for example, Benedictine and Green Mint for before-dinner drinks.

There are some small mysteries.

I was working in my room one day, when I was handed a note. "The peon is waiting for an answer," I read.

(Continued on page 215)



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THE STROUSE, ADLER COMPANY
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

LOVE IN SEARCH OF WORDS

(Continued from page 159)

was it as precise and ordained as the marks on the music paper. It was more than that. It was something that had not been written on paper, that had not been heard. It was the something (he believed instinctively) that was on the other side of the staves, beyond the prison of the notes, gardened in a forest of mystery.

He would stop and stand there and listen, his head turned to one side, a smile on his face. Sometimes passers-by would look at him puzzled, or would say, "What are you listening to?"

He never said anything. He would shrug and smile and, because he was a handsome little boy with bright eyes and a friendly smile, people would pat his head and go on and never know.

Once or twice one of the nuns came out of the door to look for the mail. The first time she said, "What are you listening to, little boy?"

He said, "Nothing."

"You must be listening to something."

"Nothing, Sister. The birds maybe."

"Ah, the birds, yes."

The second time she said, "Are you always listening?"

He said, "No. Not always." He blushed and was afraid that the music would go away, that the sister would make the music go away, and he meant to keep the music forever.

"What are you listening to?"

"The music," he said, for fear she would become angry if he lied, and stop the music.

The nun looked puzzled. "Music? Where?"

"Behind the wall."

"Music?" she looked toward the wall with a frown. "You had better go along, little boy, and learn your catechism."

Then she disappeared as if she melted into the grey stone, being as grey in face and habit as the stone, and as rough-hewn in appearance, although her voice was melodious and almost music itself.

So, day after day, he listened at the wall, in the darkness under the trees, his heart beating, a smile on his face while the rest of the world went bustling by to shops and theatres and meetings and pain and joy. Roger alone stood there and heard.

The day came when he could contain himself no more. He wanted terribly to be close to the music, to *see* it and *feel* it. It must be warm and soft and all the colours of the rainbow; not at all the staid black and white of the music staves. Beyond the staves, beyond the orchestra, beyond the black and white there were colours and softnesses, violet and velvet and scents; the scent of sandalwood and violets and spices.

He climbed one of the great maples. He was a long time in getting the daring because he had never done a thing like that before, never been brave enough before. Now he prayed and he was brave but trembling, and he climbed the tree, branch by branch, and then out shakingly on a heavy limb that led him to the top of the wall that was wide enough to hold his feet. He stood there a moment, frightened, and then the music called to him.

Hanging by his fingers from the wall, he dropped like a cat and rolled in the damp, dark leaves of the forest. Ahead of him, far ahead, in a small clearing he could see all the girls chattering and laughing and squealing and hugging each other, or chasing each other for no reason but to tease and laugh.

He smiled, utterly contented, and hid behind a heavy shrub, peering between the branches, smelling and listening and watching the colours of the faces and lips and eyes of the convent girls.

This was the music, the sound of the world, the sound inside his heart, that had not been put down on paper, or played by an orchestra. This was the colour and sound and scent of the world of his heart. This was the music in his blood, lately heard, not heard at all when he was younger and smaller, but now entrancing him utterly.

So utterly entrancing him that he did not hear the soft footsteps of the two sisters, but saw them suddenly before him as though the rough stone, grey statues, scattered throughout the convent yard, had come suddenly to life; so rock-like grey were the faces, so carefully-grey hung their skirts.

One sister grasped Roger's arm. "What are you doing here in the convent? A boy! And all these girls."

The other sister had a faint smile on her face, the smile of a saint who was above, but understood. She said, "Are you lost?"

"Lost, Sister Annette? How lost? Can a child who must have climbed the wall to see the girls be said to be lost?" She turned to Roger. "Explain yourself. This is a terrible thing."

The boy pointed to the girls, chatting and chirping and giggling. "The music," he said. "I wanted to be closer to the music. I had heard it from the street."

"Music? There is no music," the first sister said sternly. "If this happens again, I shall report you to your parents."

Sister Annette smiled again. "He is just a child."

"He is not a child. At least where dozens of innocent young girls are concerned, I do not believe he is a child. Come!"

She grasped Roger roughly by the arm and led him toward the back door of the building. It was necessary to go close to the girls and, seeing the sisters and Roger, the young girls all stopped and stood still and were as quiet as the trees.

"The music stopped," Roger said, puzzled.

"Come along," cried the sister.

She took him through the corridors, the dark corridors, around corners and through rooms, almost endlessly until, at last, with relief he breathed the fresh air beneath the dark maples and he was on the street.

Released, he turned a moment and listened. The music had started again. He ran with all his might, taking the music with him.

The sister said. "That child needs discipline. Jumping over a convent wall. And what is this nonsense about music?"

"He is a boy and they are girls and, if you remember, the circumstance causes a great deal of singing in the veins and heart, especially when it comes upon one suddenly, as, no doubt it did upon him," said Sister Annette.

The other nun stared at her. "I don't know what you're talking about and, I suspect, neither do you."

Sister Annette smiled secretly. "Someone once said that music was love in search of words."

"I think," said the first nun, "we had better go back to our lessons, quickly."

THE SMALL MYSTERIES OF NEPAL

(Continued from page 213)

"What peon?" I asked. "Answer to what?"

The bearer lowered his eyes, and his beautiful face saddened.

"An answer to *what?*" I said again.

The expression drained now from his face and I felt him fading away from me. I followed as he backed out of my door and watched as he ran down the long marble hallway. For a long time I waited, hoping he would return with a letter, a peon, an explanation. But he did not return and the mystery remained forever unsolved.

Katmandu is a gentle city of changing moods and tempos and there are moments of beauty. The pagoda-shaped temples, raised on steps to suggest the steps of attainment, seem to float when you stand close beside them, and the lions, that mark their corners, are gold against the sky. In the old city, windows are elaborately carved, roofs overhang, and long lintels span the low doorways. Traffic moves between the high walls of the Rana Palaces, flows around the bronze equestrian statues of Rana Prime Ministers that mark the main intersections, and pours out in all directions across the space of the great Parade Ground.

There is always some little scene to watch.

One day it was the King, receiving the credentials of two Ambassadors. We stood in the Square of Hanuman Dhoka, outside the Old Royal Palace, asking questions and watching. His Royal Highness, The Second Prince, whose name is Prince Himalaya, arrived in a red Mercedes-Benz. A state coach with four horses and outriders drove up empty and left with the Ambassador of the United Arab Republic, escorted to the steps by the Chief of Protocol in dark uniform, medals, and fur hat. Two rows of foot soldiers in red coats and Gurkha hats faced the palace, a band played and from the golden window of her temple, the Living Goddess watched the proceedings. She is now twelve years old, and we stared through our binoculars at her round, doll-like face, hair tied in a red ribbon and eyes drawn upward to the hairline in a single line of kohl. When she is mature, she will be replaced by another Living Goddess. From the head of one of the temple lions, a small boy in a Balaklava helmet watched us watch.

After the order to present arms was given in English, His Majesty King Mahendra appeared. His face was small behind his heavy glasses and he seemed to be weighed down by his silver epaulets and heavy military hat. There were no cheers. The King is believed by his subjects to be a reincarnation of the God, Vishnu, and the populace in the square folded their hands. He stood at attention while the band played the Royal Salute. Then he disappeared into a Cadillac.

Another day it was a little bride.

The litter in which she was being carried had been laid down while the porters were resting and she looked very small in her red sari—red is the colour for weddings in Nepal—gold earrings and hair ornaments.

I asked the driver her age.

She was eleven he told me, after consulting with the bridegroom's father. And the bridegroom was twelve. Dressed in white jodhpurs and long jacket, the typical dress of Nepal, he had added his gold wedding necklace and too-large white sneakers. He stood close beside his father, both of them carrying black umbrellas. As we drove away, we saw the little procession had left the road and was winding between the terraced fields of wheat.

In the countryside there are gardens—surely as precise as the gardens of Japan—of flowering white radish, mustard, and great over-sized cauliflowers. Rhododendrons, some sixty feet high, bloom in March along the Simbhanjyang Pass.

At Patan and Bhadgaon the thirteenth-century palaces have gold statues silhouetted against the sky, of the Malla Kings who built them; the Kings, gracefully, either kneel or stand on lotus pads.

The name Katmandu is derived from the word *kath* meaning wood and *mandu* a derivation of the Nepalese word for house. The original wooden house, or temple, from which it gets its name is said to have been carved from a single tree, and still stands in the

(Continued on page 217)

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THE CARE AND FEEDING OF A FRENCHMAN

(Continued from page 202)

ARTICHOKE HEARTS GARNI
(For four)

4 artichokes
Lemon juice
Flour
For filling
6 large mushrooms
3 small onions
Butter
Vinegar
4 eggs
Hollandaise sauce
2 egg yolks
¼ lb. butter
½ lemon
Salt, pepper

Crack off about half the leaves around four artichokes leaving the meaty part. Then cut off the centre leaves down to the straw-purple interior. Trim off all the green part neatly and then cover with lemon juice. Drop in boiling water, adding flour to prevent sticking to the bottom of the saucepan and to keep the hearts melded. Boil approximately one half hour. Remove from water; spoon out straw, leaving the hearts. If kept in refrigerator, cover with floured water; de-chill under a sheet of buttered paper before stuffing.

FILLING

Put six large mushroom heads through a sieve, and purée. Chop three small onions finely and sauté in butter; when golden, add the mushrooms; brown. Cool and fill the artichoke hearts. Poach four eggs in vinegared water. Lift out carefully and dry on a fresh towel. Perch an egg on top of the mushroom filling in the artichoke. Top with hollandaise sauce.

HOLLANDAISE

Whisk two egg yolks and one half eggshell of water over a low flame until custardy. Add, bit by bit, one fourth of a pound of melted butter. Drip in the juice of half a lemon. Salt and pepper.

OMELETTE CONTINENTALE

2 small chopped onions
2 tomatoes, chopped, peeled, and seeded
2 eggs per person
Butter
and ingredients for hollandaise sauce

Simmer two small chopped onions in butter. Add two chopped tomatoes, peeled and seeded. Reduce heat. Beat two eggs per person with some butter. Make omelette, turn flaps slightly, add onions and tomatoes. With a quick flip of the wrist, fold onto a platter. Pour over a froth of hollandaise sauce; slip under oven flame for a few seconds until golden.

QUICHE LORRAINE
(For four)

6 slices bacon
2 egg yolks
1 whole egg
Salt, pepper, nutmeg
½ pint heavy cream
¼ lb. French Gruyère cheese

Spike an unbaked pie crust with fork. Bake until dry and slightly golden in a hot oven. To prevent centre of the crust from rising, weight it down with uncooked beans spread over tissue paper. Crust must be unsweetened, quite deep, and steep-sided. Fry six slices of bacon limply in butter. Mix two egg yolks and one whole egg in separate bowl; sprinkle with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Whisk. Add one half pint of heavy cream. Slice one quarter of a pound French Gruyère cheese, which is like Swiss cheese with holes in it. Lay bacon strips on crust, then cheese strips. Whisk the egg-cream mixture until frothy; ladle in to rim of crust. Bake in a light oven until firm, about twenty minutes to half an hour.

VEAL CUTLETS, CHASSEUR
(For four)

4 onions
Oil
4 veal cutlets
1 goblet cognac
Shallots
¼ lb. chopped mushrooms
Clove garlic
Roux
1 cup stock
1 cup dry white wine
2 tomatoes, seeded, peeled, chopped
Chives, tarragon, dill

EDITOR'S NOTE: For a medium-thick *roux*, use 2 or 3 tablespoons of butter, 2 tablespoons of flour. Melt the butter in a small saucepan, add the flour, and stir until smooth. Simmer a minute or two.

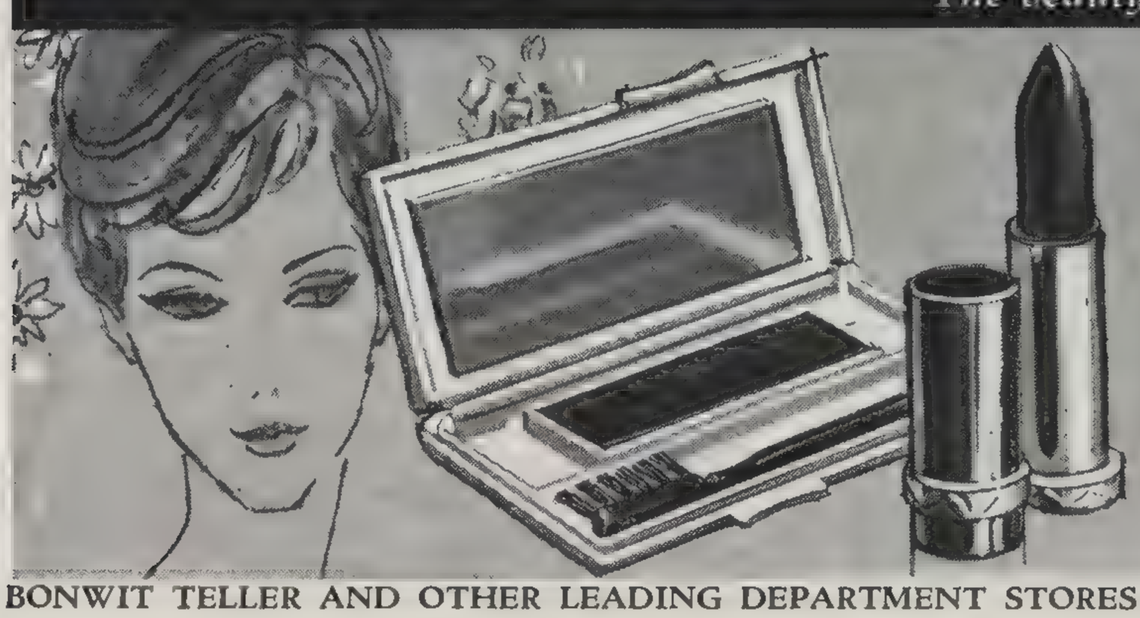
Quarter four onions, brown in oil as it retains more heat than butter and does not burn. Season and flour veal cutlets, brown in oil. Add onions, and brown together. Flame with a goblet of cognac. In another casserole put chopped shallots, one quarter pound chopped mushrooms, clove of garlic, *roux*, and one cup of stock. Simmer briefly; add veal and onions. Rinse veal pan with one cup dry white wine and pour into casserole. Cover, cook for a half hour. Remove meat, keep warm. Reduce sauce over low flame; adding two tomatoes, seeded, peeled, chopped. Taste for seasoning. Pour over meat; sprinkle with minced fresh fine herbs: chives, tarragon, dill. Note: This sauce may be used for chicken, squab, hare, or pork.

CHICKEN WITH BLOOD SAUSAGE

1 roasting chicken
1 lb. of blood sausage (*boudin*)
¼ lb. cream of *foie gras*
1 small tin of sliced truffles
2 tablespoons fresh cream
1 egg
1 bottle of Burgundy wine
1 tablespoon each of cognac and Madeira
2 carrots
2 onions
Roux
1 clove garlic
4 strips of bacon
1 teaspoon cornstarch
⅛ lb. butter
Salt, pepper

Skin the blood sausage, purée, and mix with the *foie gras*, cream, cognac, Madeira, and egg; salt and pepper. Mix in the truffles. Stuff the chicken with three-quarters of mixture. Sew. Bind with strips of bacon and place chicken in the refrigerator several hours before cooking. Brown together fine rounds of carrots, minced onions, and some of the bacon cut in small pieces. Then add the wine, salt, pepper, the garlic clove, and the *roux*. Boil for five minutes in the roasting pan, add the chicken, cover, roast for two hours in a fairly hot oven. When done, remove bacon strips, keep chicken warm. Make and serve the sauce separately. Strain the sauce; place over a low flame; add the remaining stuffing, mix, pour in a half glass of water in which the cornstarch has melted. Stir for a few minutes until thick. Melt butter, pour over chicken. Serve, perhaps, with small French peas, *petits-pois extra-fines*.

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BONWIT TELLER AND OTHER LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES AND THE LANCOME SALON AT JACY OF PARIS AT THE WALDORF

THE SMALL MYSTERIES OF NEPAL

(Continued from page 215)

centre of the city.

Its outer houses are hostels for pilgrims from the south and have been for over seven hundred years.

The Katmandu Museum, close beside the Swayamnhunath Temple, is surrounded by blue foothills. Its entrance and tickets of admission are painted with the Universal eye, which is shown on Buddhist temples, and parrots which are not sacred, but are never killed. The collections include excellent Nepalese bronzes, water colours of the early Shah and Malla Dynasty Kings. I liked the museum's small director, Mr. Chandra Man Maskay, a painter who keeps his paintings small because his studio is small. I liked, too, the visitor before me who had written in the guestbook, "I became very happy with the arts of these collections."

The morning of the day we were scheduled to leave Katmandu, it rained. The little wood-carrying girls in the red beads and huge gold earrings of their village, gathered with their empty baskets around the trees that line the drive. Two cows strolled past the Royal Hotel stop.

The Patna plane was late, we were told at the airport. Our luggage was carried inside, opened for customs, and then set up along the fence beside the field. After a long delay we drifted into the airport restaurant to drink the coffee-like tea, or was it tea-like coffee, and to wait. Reports drifted in. The Patna plane had not yet arrived at Patna. Another long delay. The Patna plane had now arrived at Patna and left. Another wait. The Patna plane had left Patna, returned to Patna and there would be no flight out of the valley that day.

As the porter reloaded our luggage into the jeep from the Royal Hotel, I noticed that the Hill people from near Tibet, knowing by their own methods that no tourists would leave the airfield, had not come.

NEW YORK'S IDLEWILD

(Continued from page 194)

tall jet fins, and the cool, gladioli-and-white-linen look of a country club on the verge of a wedding reception. To each side of the main building stretch the Wing Buildings, like apartment houses for airlines, where most of the foreign flag carriers which fly in and out of Idlewild have their own duplexes or triplexes. The glass-fronted ground-floor offices are for ticketing and weighing-in, the upper storeys for passenger lounges—most of which measure, on the cheer-and-comfort scale, somewhere between a doctor's waiting room and a small, pleasant bar.

Most lines, incidentally, serve drinks upstairs; some run nurseries for mothers with small children, and almost all have—as the American carriers have—special rooms for V.I.P.s. At Air France, for example, one needs a special key to stop the elevator at the second floor. There, the rug is quicksand-deep, the bar especially well-stocked, and the furniture runs to Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona chairs. (The bathrooms are stocked with bottles of Chanel.)

Near everything, a comfortable hotel

For those with a delayed flight, a wait between flights, or an early-morning flight, Idlewild has the International Hotel, minutes from the terminals by way of the yellow-and-white Mercedes busses shuttling constantly around the airport. Although its look runs to violently flowering carpets and brassy planters, the International is full of the peculiarly urgent glamour that characterizes absolute transience; upstairs, the rooms have air conditioning, television, and windows half an inch thick, keeping the take-off roars to a low moan. A single room with bathroom costs from $12 to $17 a night, less during the day.



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"WHAT IF YOU WERE FREE FROM PRESSURE?"

(Continued from page 165)

experts concluded, to keep you and me from becoming beatniks, who are, on the whole, land-locked beachcombers.

Man, without his pressures, would be weightless, floating in psychic space and fighting desperately to regain his equilibrium. We have all seen, with varying degrees of alarm, the photographs of men, especially the nation's seven astronauts, in a weightless vacuum simulating the conditions they will encounter in space. Freed of the earth's gravitational pull and its physical pressures, they float helplessly, with arms and legs flailing in an automatic attempt to regain control of themselves in an atmosphere both alien and hostile.

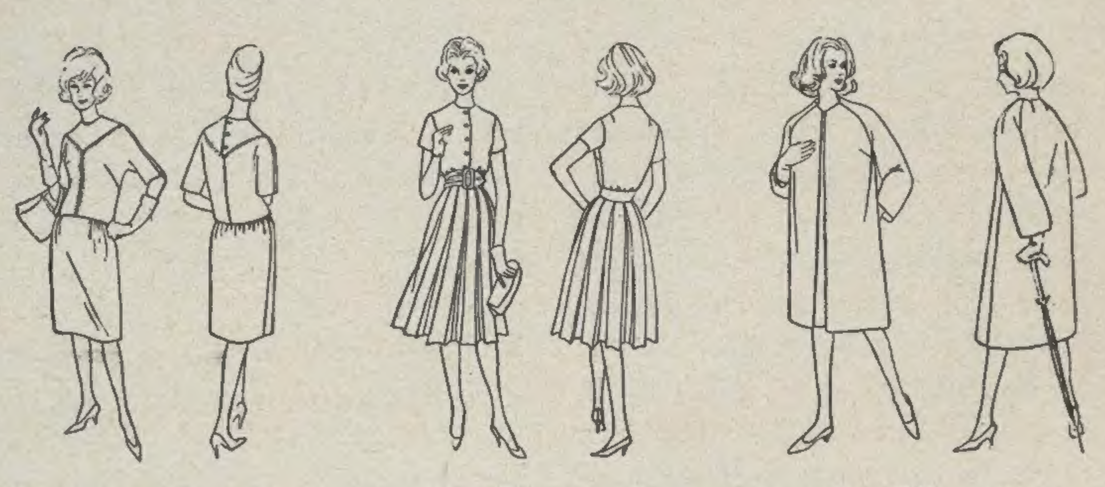
Relieved of the gravitational pull of his inner and outer pressures, freed of the discipline and the pleasure of his particular pressures, man would struggle to retain his worth and his identity in a weightless void. Floating freely, he might bump his head against the stars only to discover the headache not worth the distinction.

Yet I believe weightlessness need not worry man in any foreseeable future. There is a parallel to Parkinson's First Law, that "Work expands so as to fill the time available for it." Who, his back bowed to the times, can deny that "Pressures expand to occupy the idle hands whose work was once the devil's province?" Or that we thrive on them?



VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 192-193)



5097 9874 5131

Above, left: Two-piece dress—overblouse with yoked neckline (it can be a V); straight or gathered skirt. Vogue Pattern 5097, in sizes 10-16. For size 14, 2 yds. 54" fabric needed. Price, 75c. *Centre:* One-piece dress with cardigan top, box-pleated skirt; sleeves can be long or short. Vogue Pattern 9874, in sizes 10 to 18. Needed for size 14, 4⅜ yds. of 45-inch fabric. Price, 75c. *Right:* Easily-fitting coat, Vogue Pattern 5131, which includes a fringed scarf. Sizes 10 to 18. For size 14, use 3⅛ yds. 54" fabric with nap; for lining, 2⅝ yds. 50" fabric with nap. Price, $1.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.

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